

Tho^s Churchill Book

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

FOUR LAST THINGS,

V I Z.

Death, & Hell, &
Judgment, & Heaven;

I N

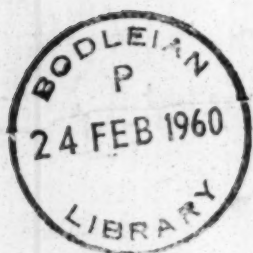
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L O N D O N:

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M D C C X I X.





- T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Author in this his first and humble Essay, not being act-
ed by any vain Ambition of Applause ; but a sincere De-
sire of doing Good, sits the
easier under those Censures, to which he
knows 'tis expos'd, for want of that
Beauty and Elegance, which should recom-
mend it, both in the Justness of Design,
and in the Ornaments of Verse. How-
ever, the Subjects themselves, (though
extreamly suffering by so weak and so
unskilful an Hand) are infinitely serious
and important ; not to be entertain'd,
but with the utmost Attention and So-
lemnity of Mind ; of eternal and univer-

sal Concern! No Mortal can escape the Arrest of Death, or evade the Summons of that High, and Everlasting Tribunal. Every reasonable Creature, is form'd for an immortal Duration, and must e'er long, be irrevocably fix'd in an infinitely Happy, or Miserable Eternity! Swift as the Wings of Time can bear him, he arrives at that awful Period! If any Glory may redound to the Divine Majesty, the Great and Everlasting King; and any spiritual Good be convey'd to immortal Souls, through an Heavenly Blessing attending this feeble, but sincere Attempt; the unworthy Author has gain'd his consummate Wish.





D E A T H.



The ARGUMENT.

Every Man, as soon as Born, is entered upon a State of Everlastingness. The native Nobleness of the Soul; whose Capacities are too large for any Thing in this World to satisfy, and can only be Happy in the Supreme Good. All Men must necessarily be Blessed or Miserable for ever. Man being apostatiz'd from God, by Nature he is expos'd to a dreadful Eternity. A Description of a Natural State, with its Misery and Danger. A Description of a Converted State with its Safety, Happiness and Honour. Nothing but an effectual Change by Divine Grace, and an Interest in the Redeemer, can forti-

fy the Soul against the Terrors of Death, and prepare it for Eternity. Every Man receives his final Doom, immediately after Death, and is fix'd in an unchangeable State for ever. The uncertainty of Life; no Man being assur'd, but e'er the next Hour, he may hear his everlasting Sentence. The Description of Death and his Attendants. The Happiness of those who are prepared for Death. The Misery of the Unprepar'd.



WHEN by th' Assistance of some Heav'nly Ray,
With rais'd and solemn Contemplation
join'd,

Steady we view the intellectual Soul
In its vast Powers, and Celestial Birth,
Semblance Divine, and everlasting Frame;
What melting Pity, and what vast Surprize,
Mix'd with a pious Indignation just,
Kindle to see that radiant Spark of Heav'n,
Whelm'd in the Grievs, or wrapt in Joys of Time,
As though the sole and final State of Life.
From the first Moment of our Birth we breath

Immortal

Immortal Air ; upon an endless State
Are enter'd, and with incorrupted Being,
Parrallel in Duration long must run
With the supream, and self-existing Mind,
Our high and blest Creator, who unchang'd,
Through all eternal Ages lives and shines.

THOUGH now the native Glory of the Soul,
And all her Faculties sublime lie hid,
In a thick Veil of gloomy Flesh disguis'd,
From Heav'n Descent she claims, to Heav'n aspires,
Little inferior to the Angels born ;
Trav'ling with Wishes of that vast extent
That nothing but unbounded Good can fill.
Enclose her round with Diamand, Pearl and Gold ;
Pour at her Feet the Wealth and spicy Stores
Of *Indies* both ; seat her in-Paradise,
Amidst the Affluence of terrene Delights
Exalted and refin'd ; give her the Throne,
And universal Sway of Earth and Seas,
Sovereign entire ! and for a Crown of Gold
A Diadem of Stars, and this for ever ;

Yet

Yet the immortal Soul with eager Wing
 And sharpened Appetite, would still pursue
 A far superior Bliss, and pine away
 In everlasting Languishment, apart
 And banish'd from the first and fountain Good,
 Vast are the Pantings of the deathless Soul
 That noble Off-spring of th' Eternal King
 Father of Spirits, with boundless Thought inspir'd,
 Form'd to be happy in the great Supream.
 The shining Lustre, and the native Strength
 Of all her Intellectuals, now are dimm'd,
 Check'd and rebated, by a Load of Clay
 Which dulls her Operations; but when Death
 Shall of her coarse Attire the Soul divest,
 And manumit her to the World unseen,
 Strait all her mighty Powers she recollects,
 Now unconfin'd ! all Life ! all Mind ! all Spirit !
 And grasps at inf'nite everlasting Things.

LITTLE appriz'd are wretched Mortals vain
 Who with ambitious Wing, so swift pursue
 The transitory Grandeur, Wealth and Bliss

Of

Of this precarious World, as all their Heav'n:
Little they think th' enchanting Scene e'er long
Will disappear, and quick transmit them down
To all the Horrors, all the Deaths that range
The dreadful Chaos of eternal Night!
Little the Gay, the Youthful and the Fair,
Unhappy they! amidst the Joys of Sense
Blandish'd, and blooming Sweets of Morning Life,
Held Captive by the flattering Charms of Sin,
Little reflect they, that they're born to live
Through all the Ages of Eternity!
That those immortal Jewels in their Breasts,
Treated unjustly with supine Neglect,
Must shine for ever as the Stars of Light,
Or pave the Bottom of the burning Lake!
Eternal Transports, or eternal Woes
Awful, expect them in the World to come!
Swift as the Sun revolves, and winged Hours
Can flee away, they every Day pass on
To that vast Ocean where the Thoughts of Time,
And all its little Scenes at once are drown'd!
And the black Depths of Sorrows past compare,

Or

Or the bright immense Seas of Heavenly Bliss
Must then for ever launch!

Thus stands the Case with everlasting Man
Endow'd with rational, reflecting Pow'rs,
And solemn is the Thought! Thus stands the Soul,
Hov'ring in Life, 'twixt two unbounded Worlds,
O awful State! such different Issues wide,
Of infinite Moment, endless Consequence!

But wretched Man, apostatiz'd from God,
To Death and endless Ruin thus expos'd;
Involv'd in Darkness, treads the fatal Brink
Secure and unconcern'd! He compass is
With thousand thick and threatening Woes unseen,
Vast and perpetual Dangers round him fly;
But sin hath thrown a treble Veil on all
His inward Faculties, in stupor wrapt,
And hides the dismal Prospect! Wounded sore,
Even to Death he lies; through each sad Power
A mortal Sickness reigns; of all his fair,
And pristine Glory, Happiness and Peace

Bereft

Bereft and ftrip't for ever ! Yet no Moans,
Unhappy Wretch ! no Sight, no Senfe, no Feeling,
No Inquifition made for *Gilead's* Balm,
Gilead's Phyfician : Violated Law
Thunders ten thoufand Curfes o'er his Head
Unintermitted ; Commination each,
Through all the facred Writings interspers'd,
In fiery blaze, like barbed Arrows fly
Pointed and bent againft him ; Juftice ftern
In wrathful Anger brandifhes the Sword,
'The dreadful Sword of everlafting Death,
And waits th' eternal Blow ! Prif'ner he is,
And captive Vaffal to the Prince of Hell,
Laden with deadly Chains of Sin, and loves
The fatal Slavery ; unguarded all
He lies, to all the Miferies expos'd,
Of prefent Life, and all the Woes to come !
His nobleft intellectual Powers are all
Shatter'd, diforder'd, and difrob'd by Sin
Of their harmonious, radiant Beauty prime,
Warring in fierce intestine Jars and now
In conftant Tumult, and Confufion rowl.
With eager Wing the wild Affections fly,

And

And fix on Objects which the Mind condemns;
And holds unlawful; while the Judgment taught
By heavenly Glimpse, Things better sees, approves,
But listless Heart, and stubborn Will rebel.
A dismal Cloud of stupid Ignorance,
And fatal Prejudice spread o'er the Soul;
The Understanding veils, and Captive holds
That first and leading Faculty; now blind
To all its everlasting Int'rests dear;
Incapable aright to judge, to chuse,
And guide the wandering Soul: She Darkness takes
For Light, and Light for Darkness; Bitter thinks
Exceeding Sweet, and Sweet pronounces Bitter,
Good, Evil calls, and worst of Evils, Good.
In mazy Error thus she leads astray
The dark bewilder'd Soul, and chooses Bane,
Death and Destruction; to the happy Paths
Blind, where her infinite Concernments lie,
And saving Truth and Heavenly Wisdom shine.

BUT if a Ray of Light from Heaven vouchsaf'd,
Darts on the Chaos of the Mind perhaps,

And

And its true Happinefs and Duty shows,
Strait the obdurate and rebellious Will,
(Conquer'd alone by all-victorious Grace)
Riſes reluctant and perverſe betrays
Immortal Averſation; byaſt now
Impetuous ſtrong to Evil, only Evil,
And ſtill its own eternal Ruin courts.
Its airy Paſſions, and Affections ſoft,
Tainted by Sin, and led in facil Train,
Attendant on the blind ſuperior Powers,
With eager Wing purſue a flitting Shade,
And feed on Wind and Vanity: The Firſt,
Th' eternal Fair, of all created Good,
Sweetneſs, Endearments, Lovelineſs and Love
'The Beatifick Spring; who only can
The Soul's immortal Appetite regale
With bleſt Contentment; in this glorious Being,
Well-Head of Goodneſs, they no Goodneſs taſt,
Nor Lovelineſs admire; but dead to all
The ſweet Attractives infinite that ſhine
In God, the Fountain-Good; to each bright Charm,
And all the Glories of the World unſeen

Impenetrable ; round they wander wild
The vast Creation ; fly at every vain
Semblance of Good, and then return aghast,
Mock'd and insulted : With new Wishes pin'd
For absent Object, they re-grasp the Winds,
Embrace the Shadow, and again return
Aghast, deluded : Absolutely doom'd
To endless Torment and Disrest, to seek
In shallow Stream of finite, transient Good,
What only from th' eternal Fountain flows.
Conscience, that self-reflecting Faculty,
Which, Heav'n's Vice-Gerent, in his Breast resides,
A deadly Lethargy invades ; if acts,
'Tis partial and corrupt, soon lull'd asleep,
And fill'd with Bribes and Flatt'ry ; or if some
More signal Trespas wakes its hideous Cry
And fierce Rebuke, it never chides the Soul,
And warns it of it's native State corrupt ;
Of spiritual Ills, the worst, and Unbelief,
That great, transcendent universal Sin.

T H U S

THUS is the noble and immortal Soul
Wing'd with aspiring, everlasting Thought,
From Heav'n descended, and to Cherubs Kin,
Held in the Chains of it's Apostate-State,
'Than all created Forms unhappier far
Inanimate or Brute: He Stranger is
And Foreigner, and banish'd far away
From heavenly Mansion, from the Arms and Smile
Of him that made him; destitute of God
And Christ and Hope (continuing thus) and all
That's made an Understanding Power to bless.
No present Satisfaction, solid Rest
And Good proportion'd to it's vast Desires
The thirsty Soul can find; no sound Repose,
Or Object adequate, wherewith to quench
It's noble Cravings; none in all the Spheres
Of Honours, Riches and Delights of Time:
But in vain Quest of Happiness she tires,
And pining languishes, and then renews
The fruitless Search, with quickn'd Appetite,

By Turns alternate (sad Vicissitude!)
Involv'd and lost in never-ending Maze.

WHILE thus the Soul of all true Rest is void,
Firm Joy, and blest Content from present Views;
A woful Darknefs reigns through all her Pow'rs,
Suffus'd by Sin, and as with thousand Veils
Obscures her future Prospect. All is *Chaos*,
Wild, unconceiv'd, a dubious, darksome Gloom;
An inf'nite Maze, an everlasting Mass
Of strange confus'd Ideas! Thus all seems
Beyond the narrow Bounds of Sense and Time
To un-enlightned Soul: No comfort then,
No heavenly Cheer, can those supernal Springs
Into dark Mind convey and Happy make
That of those Streams supernal nothing knows,
Nor with Invisibles sweet Converse holds.
Doubtful indeed, the wilder'd Soul reflects
And often whispers "I must Live for ever!
" When from this Tenement of Clay I flee
" An unknown Somewhere is reserv'd, where I
" Must lodge to all Eternity!" She finds,

Unhappy

Unhappy that she is! an inward Sting
That often scourges and torments her Thoughts
With direful Bodings, which consign her o're
To some superior Bar : She Bickering feels
And secret Lashes of a conscious Mind
Which, guilty, point her to some future State,
Flashes and Forecasts of the Wrath to come.
Man miserable ! While he thus remains
Alien from God, and from Redeemer dear,
Fetter'd and bound in Sin, these secret Pangs,
And inward Twinges of the gnawing Worm
Vengeance foreboding, more than countervail
The fleeting Joys of Sense, and all the Hopes
Of this inferior World. Creation dumb,
Senseless and Brute, through all their lowring Ranks
Hold him an Enemy, address t' avenge
Their Maker's Quarrel just : There's nought he eats,
Nought that he drinks, not all his shining Stores,
Though in full Confluence he indulging swim's
Of earthly Good, is blest, or makes him blest.
But Wrath and Curse of an incensed God
Dwell's in his Habitation, and serves up

His costliest Fare, and crowns his flowing Cups,
 And breaths a Blast on all his fancied Paradise.
 But O! whose Tongue can tell, what Heart can think
 The everlasting Magazines of Wrath
 Which in the World unseen, entreasur'd lie,
 Prepar'd for final unbeleiving Souls!
 What powerful Rhetoric, what Seraphic Strains
 Of Love and Pity, would suffice to plead,
 Awaken and forewarn? Unhappy Soul!
 While unconverted, should grim Death appear
 With mortal Scythe, and cut the Thread of Life,
 Dreadful and swift th' infernal Coasts she lands
 Wrapt in the Horrors of an endless Night!

T H U S wretched and forlorn is each vain Man,
 Whose Nature ne'er was chang'd by Grace Divine,
 Nor sprinkled with the great Redeemer's Blood:
 No solid Peace his inward Pow'rs can feast;
 No lasting Blessing round about him flows;
 No future Prospects of Celestial Joys;
 But treads the Precipice of endless Death!
 Should the Supreme and Everlasting King

By

By sov'reign Permit-Royal, let the Soul
Into his shining Beatifick Courts
Where all those boundless, heavenly Pleasures rowl,
Aw'd with the Splendors of that Glorious State !
Incapable of such Immortal Joys
And Sights Divine ! Eternally averse
To all its sacred and sublime Employ ;
And shock'd with conscious self-reflecting Views
Of foul and absolute Reverse to all
That spotless universal Purity,
She'd fly eternal *Paradise* as *Hell*,
Hell, would involve her in the midst of Heav'n.
Thus from Apostate *Adam* guilty sprung,
Debas'd, defil'd, obnoxious to the Wrath
Of the incens'd Creator, every Soul
Enters the Stage of Life ; and while remains
Lockt in the Fetters of his native State
Should all the loveliest Endowments, which
Can human Nature grace ; should Beauties all
And rare Accomplishments of Body, Mind,
With Reputation high, Wealth, Honour, Pow'r
And all external Priviledge sacred meet

And

And render him admir'd, not all amass'd
Can make him truly blest, he's guilty still,
By Heav'n condemn'd, and unprepar'd to Die.

BUT now when, when sov'reign unresist'd Grace
In blest Pursuit of everlasting Love
Breaks in Victorious on the stubborn Mind
And Captive leads Captivity; dethrones
The Prince of Darkness, Tyrant curst and cruel
With all his devilish Train, and in the Soul
The great Redeemer's Throne erects supreme,
The Scene is shifted now, the Prospect chang'd,
Glorious Reverse! The Sun of Righteousness
With heavenly Beam, and bright enliv'ning Ray
Dispels the Mists and scatters all the Clouds
Of Native Ignorance, which hung so thick
Darkning the Mind, and brings the blisful Dawn
Of Light Celestial! of eternal Day!
Through each encaptiv'd Pow'r, involv'd in Death,
Th' Almighty Spirit with Vertue infinite
Passes as New-Creator, and the Soul
With Light irradiates, and with Life inspires,

Moves

Moves ennergetick, as at first on Face
Of Watry Deep : And strait with powerful Hand
Unveils the Understanding, and with Truth
Divinely bright and orient, lightens clear
The Region of the Mind : With wonder now
And Joy triumphing, the transported Soul,
Reflecting, views her own Original,
And noble Nature Heav'n-sprung ; sees the true
And everlasting Difference 'twixt the State
Present, and that invifible ; beholds
All things referring to Eternity
With lively Aspect strong, in swift Career
Thither-ward tending ; Judges not by Sense
And worldly Wisdom and Appearance false ;
But better now by heavenly Doctrine taught
And heavenly Light in brightest Beams display'd,
In Ballance of the Sanctuary juſt
All Things perpend, and to th' eternal Word
Divine, as to the Standard ſole repairs,
Th' impending Dangers of her native State
And all its innate Miſery and Woe
Attendant neceſſary, now ſhe views

Greatly

Greatly surpriz'd! She now pronouncès Sin
The worst and forest Evil; counts the World,
That once enchanted and betwitch'd her so,
A Lump of Vanity; the Tempter now,
In his own hellish, hideous Shape she sees
Her mortal, guileful Foe; for ever lost,
Debarr'd Redeeming Arms, who only can
Rescue a perishing immortal Soul.
Again the new-creating Spirit exerts
Influence Divine, (though all one sov'reign Act
In that eternal Agent) and the Will,
Stout as it is, inflexible to all
Beneath Infinity, prevails upon,
Sweetly victorious, and with Pow'r inlays
A new Celestial Byass; forms the Soul
T'eternal Objects, and to Joys unseen
Free and connat'ral; rendring Paths that seem'd
Irksome and Thorny, lin'd with heavenly Sweets.
Th' Affections now with pious Wing disdain
This Earthly Globe, and soar aloft to breathe
A purer Air. From those bright Regions sprung,
There first created, and from thence throughour,

Now

Now all renew'd, she upwards thither tends,
As to dear Origin, with ardent Thought,
Vig'rous Effort, supreme, aspiring Wish,
And thousand Sallies frequent. Fir'd with Charms,
With far excelling Charms of infinite,
Of uncreated Good, contempt she pours
On all inferior Sweets. " Give me my God,
" Now reconcil'd, (the raptur'd Soul cries out)
" Give me that first, Eternal, Fountain Fair !
" That blest Supreme ! That all-containing Good !
" That purest, glorious, boundless, Spring, from whence
" These lesser Streams do flow ; give me my God !
" He only can my vast Desires fulfill !
" The endless infinite, unbounded Wish
" Of my immortal Soul ; he only lives
" Through all Eternity, commensurate Bliss
" On everlasting Being to bestow.
" Infinite more than all Angelick Tongues,
" Than all Angelick Understandings vast
" Can think, can utter, inf'nite he excels
" This empty, fading, false, deluded World,
" And all Terrestrial Glory ; Heav'n of Heav'n !
" Without

- “ Without Compare ! Superlatively blest !
 “ The all-reposing, all-delightful Good !
 “ Glorious himself, to me now Glorious too !
 “ Supreme, triumphant, give me none but God !

CONSCIENCE now sprinkled with redeeming Blood
 And fill'd with rapturous Joys and heavenly Peace
 All Utt'rance far, all Understanding past,
 Commission'd from above, as Heav'ns Vice-Roy,
 Pronounces Absolution, and acquits
 The pardon'd Soul ; invested now with all
 Promises precious and exceeding great
 Treasur'd in Scripture ; no more Stranger now
 And Foreigner, but Fellow-Cit'zen glad
 With Saints, and Fellow-Heir of endless Life.
 Again the Soul in solemn Joy exults
 And of her great Redeemer sings the Praise.

- “ W H E N sober Thoughts, and calm confid'rate
 “ Powers.
 “ From noisy Scenes of Life retreated far
 “ Lead

“ Lead up the Soul a solemn View to take
“ Of vast Eternity ! And on the Verge
“ Of that amazing infinite Abyss
“ Upon her own immortal Frame reflects,
“ Through all those endless Ages made to dwell
“ In heavenly Joys, or Woes beyond compare !
“ When to her View, the dreadful flaming Gulph
“ Of Horror everlasting opens wide ;
“ The guilty Criminal self-condemn’d that claims,
“ As its just Prey, and Fire eternal breaths,
“ Waiting t’enclose her in its dread Embrace.
“ While thus the naked Spirit stands aghast !
“ Deadly expos’d, and treads the Brink of Hell,
“ Curses ten thousand thund’ring Vengeance loud,
“ From violated Law, and Justice stern,
“ Of her affronted Maker ; none to plead,
“ To interpose, to cast one pitying Look,
“ Or Stroke of endless Death one Moment stay
“ Impendent ; with what heav’nly Strains of Praise !
“ Raptures of wond’ring Love ! adoring Joy !
“ Must the glad Soul, half sunk in Hell’s Abyss
“ Enclasp a Dear Redeemer ! who can guess

- “ Th’ internal Ravishments! th’ endearing Thoughts!
 “ The high seraphick Love that warms the Breast
 “ Of such a ransom’d Slave! Who fully tell
 “ The Saviour’s Pity, and the Sinner’s Joy!
 “ Thus, Glorious Jesus! Blessed Son of God!
 “ Able to rescue from the Gates of Hell,
 “ Thou Dear adored Saviour! thus thou saw’st
 “ My poor, benighted, dismal, trembling Soul,
 “ Bound in *Satanick* Chains, in swift pursuit
 “ Of Paths that issue in eternal Death.
 “ Just at the Brink of the infernal Pit
 “ Shivering I stood! -----
 “ When, O thou pitying Prince of Life! thou saw’st,
 “ And forth thine own immortal Arm extend’st,
 “ And all this dreadful Gloom to Heav’n didst change.
 “ Pursuant to th’ eternal Father’s Will
 “ Declar’d in ancient Council, (wondrous Love!
 “ That e’re so vile, so worthless miscreant Worm
 “ Should in his great, eternal Mind find Place,
 “ Whose Pow’r immense the Frame of Nature form’d!)
 “ Pursuant to thy dear Redeeming Death
 “ And Blood Divine, effus’d long Ages since,
 “ Thou

- “ Thou then didst visit with thy glorious Beams
“ This darkned Mind, thou Sun of Righteousness,
“ Thou bright and Morning Star ! and by thy Spirit
“ Sov’reign, an happy, everlasting Bond
“ ’Twixt a poor dying Criminal didst contract
“ And Thee, the Prince of Heav’n, and Lord of Life.
“ Hail, happy Hour ! Thou sacred blissful Dawn
“ Of heavenly Day ! Of everlasting Life !
“ Of endless Joys seraphick ! surest Pledge
“ Of Vision Beatifick, highest Hail !
“ Let Hills and Dales, let Woods, Plains, Rocks and
“ Seas,
“ Fish, Cattle, Fowl, and every creeping Thing,
“ Brute Creature dumb, and intellectual Man,
“ With all that in this lower Orb do dwell,
“ Combine to celebrate that glorious Day
“ The mighty Change that first beheld, and glad
“ Witness’d the Triumphs of victorious Grace !
“ Y’expanded Orbs, ye vast celestial Spheres,
“ And all ye golden, glittering Lamps of Heav’n,
“ That with alluring Glory shining rowl;
“ Selectest Influence shed, your brightest Rays,

- “ Serenest, sweetest, fairest Looks display,
“ That blissful Moment, that illustrious Hour,
“ With bright Magnificence and Joy to grace.
“ Ye heavenly Saints and glorious Seraphims,
“ That chaunt around this sweet Redeemer’s Throne,
“ And him adore Divine; adjoin the Notes
“ Of your Celestial Voices, glad to tell
“ Th’ endearing Glories of that wondrous Match!
“ Th’ unequal’d Stoop of your eternal King!
“ And sing the blissful and distinguish’d Day!
“ Let Militant Church with Church triumphant join,
“ And universal Nature clap her Hands
“ In sympathetick Joy! and thou my Soul,
“ Amidst the glad, surrounding Jubilee,
“ In Extasy of Love and Praise dissolve!
“ O Love unutterable! Love Divine!
“ Immense, immortal, matchless, infinite!
“ That never can by all the Harps above,
“ Nor all the Tongues of Saints and Angels there
“ Be fully told or sung! That never will
“ Through all the Ages of eternal Days
“ By Int’lect large of wisest Cherubim,

- “ Or other highest, or all Created Powers
“ Be fully comprehended, nor by all
“ Justly admir’d and celebrated. Love !
“ That only in the holy, heavenly Breast
“ Of this dear Jesus, e’re was found to dwell !
“ Haste heavenly Lover, universal Prince
“ And Head of Angels haste, from whom such Grace,
“ Such peerless, unexampled Grace does flow ;
“ Haste and consummate the stupendious Match !
“ Mean while, let all the vain inglorious Pomp
“ And transient Scenes of splendid Joys that glance
“ By *Cæsar’s* Throne, and all the fam’d Exploits
“ Of Celebrated Kings and Victors old ;
“ The proud aspiring Glory that adorn’d
“ Kingdoms and States now vanish’d ; all the Depths
“ Of human Wisdom, sage Philosophy,
“ The tow’ring Flights of Wit, or Beauty’s Charms
“ Passant, and all Terrestrial Boast remain
“ Neglected and unsung ; while *Jesus* dear
“ Become my constant, my supreme Delight,
“ My choicest Entertainment, copious Song,
“ My great, my only, everlasting Theme.

- " Henceforth let all my inward Pow'rs be fill'd
 " With grateful and adoring Thoughts, and all
 " My Passions move in liveliest sort to hear
 " The distant Mention of his glorious Name.
 " And may his voluntary, wondrous Death,
 " That Pity and Good-will Celestial breath'd;
 " His dear inimitable bleeding Love,
 " With thankful Soul be evermore admir'd
 " In blended Extasy of Joy and Praise.

THE glorious God that fashion'd Heav'n and Earth
 And in his Hands this universal Frame
 Sways uncontroll'd, so near Relation owns,
 Such Condescension, Love, Care, Union dear,
 As tender Title of *Paternal* bears.
Jesus, the Prince of Life, the King of Kings,
 His elder Brother, and his Kinsman dear,
 His ever-living all victorious Head
 And Captain Saviour is! Seraphick Spirits
 Gladly attend, defend him, glorious Guard,
 Constant and mighty: Heav'n above's prepar'd
 In all its Glories to receive him home.

By

By sovereign Goodness, and supreme Command,
And influence Divine, Invisible,
All Things concur, his everlasting State
To serve and prosper : Nought can overthrow
The Basis of his Hope, not all Efforts
From fiercest Mortal or infernal Pow'rs.
If into fiery Furnace he is cast
Of keen Affliction and Adversity
And through a Thousand angry Storms must pass
And Tempests, e're he gains the heavenly Shores,
'Tis all in Wisdom, all in Love supreme,
T' improve the Life Divine, to burn his Dross,
To give occasion for his Faith to shine
With brighter Lustre, render him conform'd
To him that made him, fair Exemplar great
Of all Perfection ! to prevent far worse,
And everlasting Ill ; enrich his Crown,
Exalt his Hallelujahs, wean away
His noble Mind from this inferior State
To seek a better, an eternal World.
If all is calm about him, all serene,
Both Heav'n and Earth, within, without conspire

To

To make him Happy, and perpetual smile,
 With Peace and Joy : If sweet and heav'nly Beams
 Ray from his Face, whose loving kindness far
 Surpasses Life, and all imperial Grace
 Imperial Entertainment ; and around
 With Hand unsparing bounteous Providence
 Terrestrial Blessings pours, the present Life
 Richly enjoying ; still the Happy Soul
 Fav'rite of Heaven, still he mounts above,
 Feeds on the Prospect of superior Bliss
 And Joys to come ! as Glimpses to the Sun,
 Or smallest Drop to boundless Ocean vast,
 All present Good he styles, and shakes the Wing
 Longing to gain the Beatifick view.

'T is true, when *Satan*, Prince of Darkneſs ſtands
 Unwilling Witneſs to this glorious Change,
 Replete with Envy, that inferior Worm
 Should thus be ſingled out in Heav'n to ſhine,
 Whence he, and all his Rebel-Angels fell,
 He can no longer hold ; but off he throws
 The falſe deluding Masks, that long had veil'd

His

His trait'rous Friendship, and his curst Designs;
And in his own infernal hideous Shape,
True Diabolick, breaths revengeful Fire.
Burning with deadly Hate he storms to see
A ready Vassal, long inur'd perhaps
To his accursed Service, deeply plung'd
In Mire of laps'd Nature, fetter'd strong
By sinful Habits vile, and carried far
As Captive sure, into his deadly, dark,
Destructive Kingdom, (rightful Prey) to see
Superior, sudden, all-victorious Grace
Unbind the Charms of Hell, the Captive free,
And snatch the burning Brand, and wrest the Prey
Just in the Jaws of everlasting Death.

WHEN thus the Soul that long had laid entomb'd
In Depths of Sin and Darknes, stupid grown,
And dead to all that's happy, great and good,
By heav'nly Grace now shone upon, and taught
Her high immortal Birth, and Hope Divine,
And large Capacity, begins to loath
Th' ignoble Slavery that once she lov'd,

And

And spurn the Charms of Sin she courted so,
Weary of *Satan's* cruel Bondage grown,
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs ſtrait alarm'd, enrag'd,
In hideous Uproar riſe, and fierce purſue
The reſcu'd Captive. Thoſand fiery Darts
Fly thick and dreadful, from the helliſh Bow
Of that infernal Archer; but the Soul
From Heav'n inſtructed, and divinely help'd
The Shield of Faith to wield, thoſe fiery Darts
Repell's triumphant, more than Victor ſtill,
Through him that ranſom'd him with dying Love.
True, the inviſible, immortal King,
God only Wiſe, who rules in Heav'n above,
And reigns deſpotick, univerſal, who
The Earth, the Seas, and every Fountain made;
Sov'reign Supreme! by high divine Permit
And looſned Rein, the dark infernal Pow'rs,
With devilish Rage may ſuffer to work up
Prodigious Storms, enwrap the Soul in Clouds,
Darkneſs, and Tempeſt, and inveſt him round
With roaring Billows of devouring Sea.
But watchful Love omnipotent reſides

In Heav'n triumphant, and from thence beholds,
And thence derides th' inglorious Attempt
And furious Malice vain of Angels damn'd,
The Vessel steers, and manages the Storm,
And safely wafts the Soul to its desired Port.

N o w then, till Sov'reign and Almighty Grace
This great and universal Change has wrought,
Causing the Soul into a State to pass
Of Pardon and Acceptance into Christ,
By vital Faith transplanted, never Man
Can look with Comfort on Eternity,
And face the King of Terrors. *Cæsar's* self
With all his numerous imperial Guards,
And darling Splendor Regal ; all the Pow'r
Grandeur and Majesty, that awful shines
Around his glittering Throne ; not all their Pomp
Can Death astonish, or his Steps dismay,
Or quell th' insulting and triumphant Dart
Of that superior Monarch : Here the Prowess,
The noblest Valour of the Hero brave,
Vanquish'd recoils, and faint and trembling dreads

The

The terrible Appearance ! Heights and Depths
Of mortal Wisdom, Learning, Policy,
Th' admired Schemes of best Philosophy,
Exactest Knowledge of the heavenly Spheres
And all Celestial Motion ; none of this
The Soul can fortify with Joy to pass
That dread, that awful Gate, that naked turns
To fix'd unchang'd Eternity ! No Birth,
Baptism or outward Show, Endowments sweet,
Fair Dispositions, nat'ral, moral Charm,
Will arm Victorious for that Combat fierce,
That last Encounter with infernal Pow'rs,
That Cast for immortality ! Ah no !
No, 'tis a vital, powerful, heav'n-sprung Faith,
A firm Reliance on the Prince of Life,
Wrapt in his glorious, righteous Robe, and wash'd
In his atoning Blood, the sacred Stamp
Of his own heavenly Likeness wearing fair,
Wrought by th' eternal Spirit of Grace ; 'tis this,
And only this, th' immortal Soul can cheer
In all the Horrors of that dreadful Time.
This, this alone, can Death disarm, unting,

In Balsam dip his Dart ; triumphant this
Alone can render us, sedate and calm ;
Free this vain World to quit, and meet our Judge,
When cited to that last Tribunal high.
This 'tis, his horrid ghastly Visage grim,
Hideous Dismay ! can change, and give Death Charms
Celestial Fair, as beauteous Angel Kind,
That comes to call us to eternal Bliss.

T H U S stands the Case with intellectual Man,
Prince of Terrestrial Being, trav'ling on
To everlasting State : Futility,
Boundless, eternal, glorious or forlorn
Eager expects him, and no Power can tell
How soon the Great and universal King,
May fix his final and eternal Doom.

W H A T though the Heav'ns dissolve not, nor the
Stars
Their various Orbs forsake, nor dismal Gloom
Involve the Universe: What though the Skies
Rend not with blasting Thunder, nor the Blaze

Of thousand Lightnings Flashes, all around
 Kindling in Flames ! What though the Trump Divine
 With awful Summons and terrific Blast
 Sound not, nor Tombs by Myriads open fly
 Rendring their Dead ! What tho' the flaming Spheres
 Cleave not in 'twain, an ample Passage bright
 For Heav'ns high Judge, descending to prepare
 With dazzling Cherubs throng'd ! Nor Firmament
 Brighten with splendor of his radiant Throne,
 And all th' attendant infinite dreadful Pomp
 And awful Grandeurs of that Glorious Day !
 Nature may stand, and thousand Times the Sun
 His annual Race may run, and still revolve
 Alternate Season. Thousand beauteous Springs
 Charming and gay may still return, and Field
 With verdant Herb and Flow'rs ambrosial deck,
 And warbling Birds afresh re-flock the Woods,
 Tuning melodious : Thousand glorious Crops
 Of fair and stately Train the Earth may crown
 With heavenly Bounty : Thousand Autumn's rich
 With lib'ral Hand, her plentuous Stores unlade
 Of golden Fruits : While Snow and Ice and Cold,

And

And rugged Blasts, and gloomy fable Clouds
In dismal Scenes may thousand Winters show.
Thus may the Earth her various Seasons hold
In Revolution long, and frequent shift
By Change successive, transient Tennant Man
In numerous Ages; but when Death invades
The mortal Body and transmits the Soul
To World invisible, 'tis all to her,
As though the Sun were darkned, and the Frame
Of universal Nature flam'd, and heard
The rending Sound of Arch-angelick Trump,
And saw the Heav'ns to reel, the Earth to shake,
The Dead arise, and all the World dissolve.
'Tis all to her as if the Judge were come
In solemn Process and with glorious Train,
And Time gave up to vast Eternity.
For strait she passes to his awful Bar
Judicial, there immediate Doom receives
Private, particular, but unrevers'd
And finally decisive; thence dispatch'd
And fix'd immutably in glorious Bliss
Or fiery Vengeance to Eternity!

No w then, not one among the Sons of Men,
Though with the utmost mortal Bliss enclos'd
And earthly Glory ; flourishing in Health
Vig'rous and strong, from Symptom of last Change
Remotely free ; but e're sweet Morning Sun,
May unresisted be surpriz'd away,
And bear his final Doom ! Swift as a Post,
An Arrow, or an Eagle wings away
The fleeting Time of Life, unurg'd beyond
Nature's careering Course, and hasteth on
To reach the destin'd Period : O ! but then,
What thousand thousand incidental Shocks
Which in a Moment, in a Turn of Hand,
Or Beat of Pulse, the Twine of Life may snap
And all to shivers dash the brittle Frame,
Hover perpetual round, and only wait
Divine Permission to involve forthwith
In instant Death ! How many blooming Youths
In Prime and Pride of Life, when sprightliest Health
And vig'rous Blood beat high through all their Veins,
Sudden with faded Cheek have dropt, have dy'd

(When

(When all around was Young and Green and Gay)
Swept by the rapid Stream of sudden Death.
Clear was their Morning Sun, and flatt'ring Shot
Her golden, glorious Beams; but fable Death
Long e're it gain'd Meridian Lustre bright,
With unexpected Hand a mortal Cloud
On all its Glory threw; it stopt, declin'd,
And sudden set in everlasting Night.
Like as a beauteous Flower in Summer's Field
That springs and smiles with orient Colours fair,
And prides in Morning Bloom, by Ev'ning Scythe,
'Tis cut, and all its withering Beauty dies.
When with Commission from on high, Death comes
T' arrest a Soul, and summons him away
From this terrene Abode, and all he knows
All that he sees, enjoys of Sense and Time,
Into an everlasting State to launch,
A new, an awful World, a Strange for ever!
No Pow'r, no Beauty, Honour Wealth or Wit,
That Sergeant terrible can daunt; can bribe;
Deaf and inflexible to all the Charms,
To all the Tears of Mortals. -----

B U T

BUT with full Pow'r invested from above
The King of Fear his pale Steed mounts, and void
Of Pity or Distinction, dire comes on
In gloomy Pomp ! His Army marshals dread
Of sharp Diseases, and before him sends
As fierce Van-Guard, or Pioneers, t' attack
The Fort, e're since that fatal *Eden* Sin
Brittle become, and doom'd by Heav'n to fall.
Some deadly Sicknefs, or distracting Pains,
Wasting Consumption, or the sultry Flames
Of raging Fever ; or the weakning Pang
Of some dire Malady, first breaks the Ground,
Seizes the Outworks and invades the Fort.
Now tallest Cedars bow, and fairest Flow'rs
Languish with all their Charms ; Imperial Heads
Stop their vast Thoughts, and all their Projects die.
Doleful Ideas crow'd, and dismal Paint
The World's best Scene ; insipid, tasteless now
The sprightliest Joys of Sense ; sweet Rest takes Wing
From hideous Tossings and nocturnal Groans :
Now deadly Faintings, and now fiery Flights

Wit'her

Wither the Strength, and brightest Beauty blasts
Of Nature's stateliest Dome; lay waft unseen,
And for grim Death's Advances pave the Way.
When Ghastly all, and Wan, in Person come,
Array'd with Horror and the dreadful Shades
Of endless Night, and vast Eternity
In awful Train, he with relentless Hand,
Insatiate with the Fall of Millions won,
Springs all the Mines, and blows the Man to Dust.

H A P P Y ! ah, happy then th' immortal Soul,
That safely anchor'd in Redeemer dear,
By precious Faith, by new and heavenly Birth,
Stands safely guarded from eternal Wreck,
Amidst the Dark Tempestuous Waves of Death,
That universal Storm, all must ride out
Or perish overwhelm'd ! Thrice Happy Soul !
Blest with the Favour of the Great Supreme !
And in the Arms, the reconciled Arms
Of sov'reign Deity embrac'd, become
His Rest, his Center and exceeding Joy,
All things conspire with undissenting Voice

His

His trueſt Good, and beſt Felicity.
During his Sojourn in this Vale of Tears
By various Providence alternate tried
That in perplex'd and mazy Labyrinth
Myſterious often ſeems to hold her Way,
By heavenly Hand of Love to Mortals veil'd,
He's led, he's guided, and conducted ſafe
Through all the Windings, all the intricate
Seeming Confuſions, that his Soul diſtreſs
Tempt and diſquiet, oft embitt'ring deep
His earthly Pilgrimage. All things contriv'd
By deepeſt Counſel, in divine Decree
And glorious Plan from Everlaſting fix'd,
As beſt the Soul's eternal Hope would friend,
Wiſe and Almighty Love with fixed Eye
And ſteady Hand through all the bleſt Deſign purſues.

AND when unerring Wiſdom ſhall diſcern
All things concur to render beſt the Time
For his diſlodgment from this earthly Houſe,
Weak and inglorious, and his Herald, Death
Shall ſend to call him to ſupernal Blifs;

No Sin, no Sorrow ever more to know,
With Joy, with Rapture, the glad Soul accepts
The welcome Message, all on fire to reach
That glorious Presence ! those Celestial Arms !
His long desired Port -----
In all his Sickness, all his mortal Pains
Divine Compassion with the tend'rest Hand
Makes his Bed downy and his Curtain draws.
His Slips and Wand'rings, wail'd with Greif sincere,
As with a Mantle hidden lie, expung'd
Divine Remarks Vindictive, by the Blood,
Th' invaluable Blood of Jesus ; spreading Bliss
Through each glad Power of the transported Soul
Bright Beams of Glory shine from Heav'n's approach !
And brighter Smiles of blest Redeemer near
Lighten the gloomy Vale with cheerful Ray
Make him Victorious, long to take his Flight,
And mingle Triumphs with dissolving Groans.
Gladly this transitory World he leaves
With all its empty and deluding Joys
To grasp his heav'nly Crown, and to possess
That rich, divine Inheritance above,

Immor

Immortal, undefil'd ! With glad Farewel
For ever, and at once he bids adieu
To all the Sin and all the Sorrows deep
Of vile Mortality, and rapt'rous pants
To put on sinless Incorruption fair.
With ardent Longings and with fervent Prayers
For those by Nature, or th' attracting Ties
Of firmest Freindship to his Soul engag'd ;
That they in all his glorious Hopes may share,
And shining, meet him in the heavenly World ;
Freely he parts with all that's dear below,
Snaps the strict Bands of native Passions strong
To gain the Sight of his celestial Friends
And sweet Redeemer. Round his dying Bed
A glitt'ring Band of Guardian Seraphs stand,
Gladly attendant, and with Angel-speed,
Bear him triumphant in their Glorious Arms
Through all the Legions of the adverse Pow'rs,
Far above mortal Ken, to *Paradise*,
And shout him welcome to Celestial Joys !
No sooner landed on the blisful Coasts
But lo ! in Bosom of Immortal Love

Divinely

Divinely folded strait, he raptur'd hears
From the bright Throne, his Heav'nly Father say.

- " Freely belov'd from Everlasting, come
" Behold the final and compleat Produce
" The glorious Center and the great Result
" Of my eternal Love! For this it was
" Myriads of Ages e're I gave thee Being
" Out from the common Mass of laps'd Man
" Sov'reign I chose thee, whelm'd in Ruin deep,
" By me fore-seen, fore-known: For this it was
" Freely I parted with my best Belov'd,
" From my divine Embraces, gave him up
" To Die Incarnate, that his Death might pave
" Thy Passage hither, and a Title give
" To all this boundless and immortal Bliss.
" Hence I sent down in' Almighty Spirit free
" To form, to change thee, and to introduce
" A new, and heavenly Nature, rend'ring meet
" For all this Glory; and to Train thee up
" For this Celestial State, has every Smile
" And each dark Frown of varied Providence,
" And all the Methods of my Grace combin'd.

" Here

" Here, happy Soul, thy Crown of Glory take,
 " And wear to all Eternity ; and fill
 " This heavenly Mansion, and in this bright Robe
 " Of Life for ever shine ! Imperial Gift
 " Of Grace triumphant ! Henceforth everemore,
 " Reap thou unsparing, all the copious Blifs
 " Which my Almighty Wisdom, Pow'r and Love,
 " And all Perfections of th' immense Supreme,
 " Can yeild a rational and deathless Soul.
 " That bankless Ocean of exalted Joys,
 " And that vast Fulness of divine Content,
 " Which from my Presence and my Right-Hand flows
 " In all it's Compass, be for ever thine.

FORTHWITH, this said, the happy Soul transform'd
 By Heav'ns unclouded Views, in Joys sublime
 Raptur'd exults, in Love and Praise dissolves,
 Caught in th' Embraces of the sov'reign Good !

PRECIOUS and sleeping, in the Grave, her Dust,
 As in a Bed of sweet Repose is laid ;
 Which with kind Hand th' Almighty Spirit, secure
 Guards,

Guards, still the glorious Resurrection Morn.
When the whole Number of his dear Redeem'd
Of his blest Body mystic, Members fair,
Compleatly full become, Christ shall descend
To Judge the World, and in the glitt'ring 'Train
Of his Attendants, she shall then return
To re-assume her long benighted Dust,
The dear Companion, in her Pilgrim State,
Of all her Griefs and Joys: Inglorious once
Haply, but now Divinely bright and fair:
Fully be there absolv'd, embrac'd and crown'd
In universal Sight of Heav'n and Earth!
Then soar aloft, and with the Angels mix
That matchless, dread, magnific Scene to View,
And all the Splendor of that final Day.
Sit with the Judge, and by assenting Voice,
Devils and all the Christless Rebels doom:
Then re-ascend to heavenly Glory bright,
In blissful Love and Praise for evermore to dwell.

BUT now, the Soul unreconcil'd to God
By Christ the only Mediator dear;

E

That

That with his Sov'reign Lord at variance stands
Justly incens'd, and in Rebellious Arms
Defies his Maker; by prophane Contempt
And impious Course, or base supine Neglect
Of tender'd Heavenly Grace; this is the Man,
(And wretched is his Case!) who all among
The glorious Bravery of this World, or what
He else may hold his best and chiefeft Good
Startles and faints, and stands aghast at Death
Hideous; abhor'd! the gloomy doleful Thought
And melancholy Prospect still intrude,
And with sharp Tangs his choicest Pleasures dash.
Fain would he banish from his Breast, Beleid
Of after-reck'ning and a future World,
Which on each Joy such mournful Colours throws;
But all in vain: Connat'ral to his Being,
Deeply inlaid, the dark Idea strong
Dreadful recoils, and fierce as Scorpions Sting
Tortures internal; 'midst a *Paradise*
Of worldly Blifs, in dismal Bondage held
Through Fear of Death and everlasting Doom.
Stranger to true Contentment and Repose

From

From all the vain diffusive Joys of Sense,
 (For what can comfort where a God contends?)
 In empty Wishes and tormenting Fears
 His worthless Days he spends : And when Death comes
 In solemn Message from th' eternal Judge,
 Forthwith to cite him to his awful Bar,
 Then all is dismal, all is dire amaze,
 Horror, Confusion and tumultuous Woe,
 And every Fear revives, and every Comfort dies.

R E N T from his fading, fancy'd Heav'n below,
 Deeplier reluctant that Divorce he wails
 (Deluded Wretch !) than from the Sov'reign Good
 Eternal Separation. Wishful Eyes
 Still on this vain, inglorious World he throws,
 Fondly enchanted with her painted Scenes,
 (Which more Vexation yeilded far than Bliss)
 And mindless of those heavenly Joys above
 For ever here would dwell : So far by Sin
 Is sunk degenerate Man, to disaffect
 His own Original, despise his Birth,
 And all the Glories of his native Home.

HAPPY howe'er for unrenewed Man
In the dark Terrors of approaching Death,
If this were all the Conflict. Fearful 'tis,
Shocking, and sad enough for hapless Mind,
'That knows no future, no superior Bliss,
Or none can justly hope, at once to leave
All his fantastick Pleasures here below,
And on the awful Shore to take Farewel
An everlasting, long Farewel of all
Comforts, Acquaintance, Friends, Possessions, Life,
And by himself the boundless Ocean launch
Of vast, unknown Eternity, nor Woe
Nor Bliss attendant. But with Train august
Of glorious Joys or Terrors infinite
Death comes to all. And now the guilty Soul,
Deaf once, as Adder, to all heavenly Charm,
Insulting Scoffer at Things yet unseen,
Thousand terrific Meditations sad
Trembling revolves! The Tempter *Satan* now
Turns fierce Accuser, and in Dev'lish rage
Dreadful with fiery Darts the Soul assails

Inces

Incessant ! Lightn'd Conscience now inflam'd
 (Though most that horrid Gulph securely shoots,
 Silent and thoughtless, till amidst the Flames
 Of *Tophet* plung'd, they find they're quite undone.)
 Long in lethargick Stupor wrapt, begins
 Direful to hiss, and with infernal Stings
 Fasten on inmost Soul ; eternal Things
 Now in their vast, momentous Weight appear
 Unveil'd and awful ! And the World as Trash
 Vain and deluding, empty Cheat, is spurn'd
 With highest Indignation ! Now the Soul
 (But oft and almost universally,
 Too late and all in vain) her Folly past
 Astonishing laments ; and Grace Divine,
 That in this dolorous Plight alone can help,
 Slighted disdain'd in Life, now stands far off
 And mocks his Misery ; Repent, Believe,
 The wonted Subject of his impious Scorn,
 (Which absent, haughtiest Mind shall ever rue)
 The sinking Soul now finds more arduous far
 Than brazen Mountains heave, " O ! for one Drop,
 (The fiery Conscience cries) " the smallest Drop

- " Of the Redeemer's Blood, to quench these Flames
 " These inward Flames I feel ! O ! for a Skirt
 " Of that Soul-saving Robe of righteousness
 " To screen, to guard me from the burning Wrath
 " Of an avenging God ! Ah ! for one Word,
 " One Mediatorial Plea, to smoothe the Brow
 " Of Deity incens'd, before I meet
 " My angry Judge ! O ! might my Life renew ;
 " Ne'er would I spend my precious Time so vain ;
 " Ne'er would I fix my Hopes and Joys below ;
 " I'de ne'er believe the cursed Tempter more ;
 " Never would make a Mock of Sin, nor Saints
 " Brand for vile Hypocrites ; nor thus neglect
 " The great Salvation : Trifle ne'er would more
 " As ah ! in Things eternal now I've done,
 " Starving an Heav'n-born Soul, and pamp'ring Dust
 " That soon must feed the Worms, and then feed Hell.

B U T strait the subtle Tempter once that hush'd
 Th' awakn'd Soul, whisp'ring, " 'Tis yet too soon,
 Hideous now roars insulting, " 'Tis too late !
 " Too late and all in vain ! His deep, dark Train

Will-

Wildfire-like all with sudden Blaze enflames
The wretched Soul, and each sad Pow'r confounds
In horrible Combustion ! Comfort now,
Prospect of Pard'ning Mercy none remains ;
Th' all-saving Vertue of Redeeming Blood,
Sov'reign, immense, and All-victorious Grace
Urg'd and unfolded ; richest Instance high,
And brightest Monument of Love Divine ;
None of all this the dismal Storm will lay,
Or to least glimmering Hope the Soul can rear,
Buried in Horror, lost in deep despair.
Around his doleful Bed an hideous Crew
Of flaming Furies wait, that dreadful Watch
Eager to hurry him to th' eternal's Bar :
Whence (fatal Sentence giv'n) they plunge him down
In everlasting Burnings ! There the Soul
In anguish infinite, and speechless Woes,
In flaming adamantyne Chains must howl !
Till the curst Partner of her Crimson guilt
To everlasting Shame aghast reviv'd
At general Judgment ; Re-united sad,
With vast solemnity they both shall then,

And

And dreadful Terror in the view of all
(As though alone Arraign'd and call'd by Name)
Be Judg'd, Condemn'd ! With tort'ring Pangs sustain
Confusion exquisite ! Derided, mock'd
With universal Scorn, and thence be flung
In infinite Disdain and Vengeance down
(With thousand times ten Thousand Fellow-damn'd)
To rowl for ever in the burning Lake !





JUDGMENT.

The ARGUMENT.

*The awful Prelude; a Sudden and universal
Darkness, with terrible Lightnings and
Thunder, throwing all Nature into Con-
vulsions. The Arch-Angels Trump, pier-
cing the Graves, and summoning the Dead
to Judgment. The Skies cleave and make
Way for the descending Judge, and all the
heavenly Host. The Description of the
Judge and his Attendants. First the Saints
are openly Absolv'd, Embrac'd, and Reward-
ed*

ed in the Presence of the whole World, and then sit on Thrones to Judge the Wicked. Satan and his Angels Arraign'd and Condemn'd, together with all the Christless World; with heavier Doom on those that perish under the Gospel. The Saints now grown perfect in Love to Christ, regard not the Tears and Prayers of their once dearest Friends; but Triumph in their just Ruin. Millions of Cherubs, seconded with the Thunder of the Judge, hurl all the Damn'd into Hell, and bar her Gates for ever. The Saints and Angels return with Christ Triumphant into Heaven.



W H E N that Great Day, from everlasting fix'd

By Heav'ns Divine Decree, that
alters not,

And in th' Almighty Father's Breast
lock'd up

From Men and Angel's utmost Search, shall come;

In which the Veil of Sense shall rend in twain,

The Heav'ns dissolve, and all the Elements

Sweltring

Sweltring in Flames shall melt ! Faith become Sight,
(Amazing change !) and Time Eternity !
When hardiest Champions of Impiety
Shall faint and change Complexion ; Sinners vile
Their impious Scorn shall cease, and Infidels
Trembling too late, the Truth shall own in vain.

T H E N shall thick Darknes re-invade the Skies,
The Earth, the Deep, worse than Egyptian Gloom ;
And all the Works of Nature shall involve
In universal Night ! Chill Horror dread,
And sad expecting Silence seizing all
Terrestrial Pow'rs amaz'd ! Tremendous Sign
And Prelude of the World's *Catastrophe*
And fatal Dissolution ! Now begin
The dreadful Peals of blasting Thunder loud
To shake the Poles of Heav'n, and rend the Skies,
And shatter all to Wreck the beauteous Frame
Of this inferior World ; and Terror strike
Through every Christle's Breast ; while far and near
The growing Tempest swells, and Thunders still
In hideous never-ceasing Volleys rowl.

In glitt'ring Sheets of angry Fire, and wing'd
With swiftest Speed, with thousand Terrors arm'd,
Beyond its Native Light and Pow'r, the fierce
And fearful Lightning flies, with Vengeance ting'd!
Spreading its thick and direful Flashes through
The vast Expanse of Nature, all around
To kindle into Flames, and ne'er expire,
But in a total blazing Universe!
The Sun that noble Prince of Light, his task
Most fully done, and all his glorious Toil
To final Period come, his heavenly Race
Sudden shall stop astonied! and as though
Conscious of far superior Glory nigh,
And brighter Light approaching, veil his Beams
In everlasting Darknefs! While the Moon,
In token of the dreadful Vengeance ripe
Of her vindictive Maker, ready now
To burst upon a wretched World, her Head
In mourning Sack-cloth hides, and turns to Blood!
The Stars and all the Constellations bright,
So heavenly Fair, so vast, so numberless,
Their shining Rays withdraw, their Aspects change,
And

And all their hid, admired Influence shed,
Resign for ever! various Courses fix'd,
Strictly maintain'd for many thousand Years
Wandering they miss, and horrid Jars create
With vast Confusion: All to *Chaos* runs!
And Nature's self in ruful Groans expires!

M E A N while the awful Summons sounded forth
By solemn Trumpet of th' Arch-Angel high
Arise ye Dead and unto Judgment come,
Alarms the World! The dreadful piercing Blast
Of whose amazing, mighty Voice shall shake
Earth's inmost Center, and all Nature rouse
To quick, but sad Attention: Instantly
On all alive a wondrous Change shall pass
Equivalent to Death; while open fly
Millions of Graves forthwith! The marble Tombs
And glitt'ring Monuments of Kings, with all
The guarded Splendors that their Vaults adorn,
Without Distinction: Myriads up shall spring,
And thousand Times ten thousand thousand come
From every Wind and Quarter: Earth and Seas

With quick Dispatch deliver up their Charge,
And join to fill the vast and boundless Plain.

W H I L E all the Nations of the World are thus
By mighty Seraphims collected in ;
And all the stubborn Fiends of Hell brought forth,
Those grand Apostates, to receive their Doom ;
With wild Affrights ! with infinite amaze !
Transports of Terror ! racking mortal Dread !
And exquisite Confusion, Death, Despair !
To every Graceless, unbelieving Soul,
The Skies shall cleave ! and as a Parchment Scrowl
Shall shrivel up ! and with a fearful Noise
Shall pass away ; and then shall strait appear
That awful, High and everlasting Judge !
From whose tremendous Face the Heavens shall flee,
And all the Rebel-Spirits would gladly too ;
But all in vain. Behold ! he comes with Clouds
Celestial bright ! and every Eye shall see him :
With all th' angelick Host encompass'd round,
Cherub and Seraph, and each heavenly Pow'r,
And all his precious Saints so dear redeem'd,

With

With shining Glory crown'd ! Illustrious Guard !
And bright Attendants all ! Yet far above
His splendid Retinue, his glorious Train,
Himself shall infinitely shine, array'd
With all his own, and all his Father's Glory !

H i s glitt'ring Garment, white as Snow, far more
Than brightest Lightning dazles ! On his Head
Are many Crowns triumphal ! Piercing Flames
His quick All-seeing Eyes ! His radiant Face
In rich resplendent Lustre passing far
The Sun's Meridian Beams ! Conspicuous now
Ador'd Divinity ! all over clad
With Majesty supreme ! His heavenly Smiles
Transport with Extasy of Joy ; his Frowns
Torture with all the Pangs of Death and Hell.
A Crown of Life and Glory for each Saint,
Victorious, in his Right he holds ; his Left
Vengeance and Fire, and thousand Thunders grasps
To blast his stubborn, unbelieving Foes
And all th' infernal Rebels : On he comes
With all his dreadful Pomp ; triumphant shouts

And Acclamations, with celestial Sounds
 From thrice ten hundred thousand Trumpets loud
 And heavenly Voices sweet and strong, that breathe
 Angelick Harmony and solemn Joy,
 Mingled with Terror! Thus descending slow
 From mid'st of Heav'n in grand Majestick State
 And on his high Tribunal-Seat Enthron'd
 As Sov'reign, sole, and universal Judge
 Of Men and Angels, and without Appeal,
 To pass their awful, everlasting Doom,
 The Great Assize begins! - - - -

A N D first the Saints, now gladly reposest
 Of their dear Dust enobl'd, ancient Mates,
 By Death long separated, fashion'd now,
 Their Saviour-like, surpassing Bright and Fair,
 That shine like Myriads of immortal Stars!
 Fearless stand forth, and unabash'd in midst
 Of all that spacious crowded Theatre
 Of great Spectators! Confluence vast and dread,
 Of the whole human and angelick Race
 Spotless and fal'n; the glorious Judge himself

More

More awful Presence than a thousand Worlds!
In view of every intellectual Being
Th'eternal King, each happy, faithful Soul,
With inf'nite Grace, and solemn Port shall then
Absolve, embrace, and all their Names confess,
Immortal Dignity! Their righteous Works,
Secret or open, more or less, that sprang
From Faith and Love unfeign'd, and to his Praise
From upright Hearts (Himself the only Judge)
Sincerely were devoted; all the Acts
And various hidden Exercise of Grace,
Faith, Hope, Repentance, Patience, Charity
And Love Divine; with others conscious none
But his Omniscient Eye; and all the Wrongs,
Torments and Suff'rings, cruel Mocks and Taunts,
Which for his heav'nly Truths and glorious Name
They meekly underwent from seeming Friends
Or barb'rous Persecutors; all shall then
Before that solemn, vast and dreadful Court
Be openly rehears'd, applauded, crown'd,
And by that Righteous Arbiter Supreme
Highly rewarded with celestial Crowns,

Yet Free and Sov'reign: All their Slips and Falls
With diabolick Malice so inflam'd
And heightn'd by the World; Repentance true
Wrought by th' eternal Spirit, and precious Faith
In this Redeemer's Blood, and shrowded now
Beneath his perfect Righteous, glorious Robe,
These all shall then in deep Oblivion hid
Remain for ever veil'd: Or so disclos'd
As only to endear and aggrandize
The glorious Grace, the unconceiv'd Delight
Of publick Absolution! Or perhaps
To show before the vast collected Mass
Of intellectual Being once for all,
Th' intrinsic Difference, hid, but vast and true,
His searching, penetrating Eye discerns
(That inmost Thoughts of human Nature views
With all its Principles) betwixt the Works
Of re-born Souls, with all their Failings wail'd
And fairest Shew of unregen'rate Man.
With jealous, tender, and Almighty Hand,
Full of divine Affection, all their Tears,
Invidious Treatment, and unjust Disgrace

He

He then shall wipe away ; and from himself
Fountain of Being, Life and Dignity,
Standard of Loveliness, shall them invest
With heavenly Honours ! On their Foes he'll frown
With fiery Indignation, and their tart,
Sarcastick Taunts retort, through all their Pow'rs
Scatt'ring Confusion and vindictive Flames.

T H U S shall the Saints in solemn sort august
In view of all that infinite, sublime,
Immortal, Concourse, full Discharge receive
From all the Indictments, Justice, Conscience Law,
Satan and Sin and every adverse Power
Jointly can bring, by him whose Throne supreme
Knows no Appeal, whose Justice none can tax,
His Mission challenge, or his Doom reverse.
But universal Nature shall applaud
His just Proceedure, and with loud Acclaim
Adore their heavenly Sov'reign, thus resolv'd :
Nor Man nor Angel, that Advent'rous dare
To move a Tongue, or lift a Thought controul.
Then from his flaming, white and glorious Throne

In

In sight, in hearing of the World around
With Smiles and Favour infinite shall say.

*Y E Blessed of my heavenly Father, come,
Possess the Kingdom that for you has been
'Ere the Foundations of the World prepar'd!*

TRANSPORTING Sentence ! Beatifick Words !
That breathe forth nothing but immortal Love !
Compleat Beatitude ! Angelick Life !
Divine Fruition ! Everlasting Rest !
Celestial Paradise and endless Joys,
Matchless, unknown, unfading, infinite !
With Crowns and Palms, and Robes of heavenly Light,
Ensigns of Honour, Victory and Joy
And Bliss consummate ! with exulting Shout
Of Loyal Spirits, the glitt'ring Host of Saints
Fill their respective Thrones ! A solemn Part
In all the Process of that dreadful Day
Thenceforth to bear : As Co-assessors sit
With Christ the Judge supreme, and all his Acts,
(Stupendous Dignity !) approve, applaud,

And

And join Assent, without Appeal to pass
Decisive at that Audit last and Great !
Imperial Tyrants, bloody Monarchs now
Of all their Regal splendor disarray'd
And Pow'r abus'd, shall trembling stand abash'd
Before those numerous, dread, judicial Thrones,
Arraign'd by them whom once they scorn'd and slew,
And lowest Saint shall proudest Devil Judge.

AGAIN th' Arch-Angels Sound, and mighty Trumps
By Myriads of immortal Seraphs blown,
Utter their dire Alarm ! Thunders again
Their deadly Peals repeat, and fierce begin
Dreadful to rowl anew ! The angry Blaze
Of blasting Lightning Flashes all around
With seven-fold Rage ! A strong resplendent Light
Reflected from the Radiant Bodies bright
Of many Millions of triumphant Saints
Illumins all that boundless Theatre
More than ten Thousand Suns ! To open view
Clearly conspicuous each eternal Wretch
And guilty Criminal ! The frowning Judge

With

With angry Visage stern, and vengeful Ire
 Dreadful diffuses through the Crowd aghast
 Secret Impresses of his fiery Wrath
 Invisible, with vast terriffick Awe
 And solemn Silence! Now through all their Veins
 Horror again runs Chil, th' approaching Doom
 Dreading, with thousand Wishes never to have been!

T H E N shall th' infernal Host and cursed Rout
 Of Rebel-Angels fal'n, once glorious, fair,
 Noble, Celestial Creatures, now revert,
 Be manded forth. Innumerable Throngs
 Of mighty Spirits, Cherub and Seraphim,
 Long since of all their heavenly Glory stript,
 As Pris'ners of eternal Justice, stand
 Shriv'ring in Chains! Their haughty stubborn Minds
 Quell'd with superior Pow'r and Majesty
 Lightning Divine, now faint, and trembling view
 The bright Tribunal! In the horrid Van
 Of those apostate Legions, (wretched Chief!)
Satan confounded stands! In his dire Looks
 Pride, Envy, Malice, Rage, consummate Guilt,

Utter

Utter Confusion and compleat Despair
And Horror past Conception seem to reign
Alternate dreadful ! All amonst he stands
Laden with Guilt and Charges infinite
Beyond his prime Revolt, that threw him down
In everlasting Chains : Millions of Sins
That Stars and Atoms, Sands and Ocean-Drops
And Numbers self would fail to count, which through
The num'rous Ages of the World he wrought
By Men through Instigation : All his own
Spiritual, sublime, capacious Wickedness,
Transcendent, great, invisable, that flow'd
As simple and perpetual Issues from
His curst and devilish Nature : All the pure
Invet'rate Hate and Malice rank with which
His dark infernal Stratagems he laid,
Pointed at God and Goodness, all shall now
By Christ his Judge, in Presence of the Saints
And holy Angels all, and all the World
Be fearfully disclos'd and open laid
To publick Censure and Disgrace, and all
With treble Vengeance on himself recoil.

When

When the Omniscient Everlasting King
 Shall rip his inmost Thoughts and secret Depths
 And all the Methods of his Wiles unfold :
 When in his odious Colours thus expos'd
 B' eternal Wisdom's self, in strongest Light,
 As Mark of everlasting Infamy,
 Derision, Scorn, to all the Spirits in Bliss,
 And hideous Bans to the deluded World,
 Confusion infinite will seize the Fiend
 And all his lost Companions ! Guilty found
 To thousand thousand high Indictments black
 With Aggravations never known till now,
 They fall in Judgment ! And with Wrath divine
 And universal His and glorying Triumph
 Of Saints and Seraphims, aside are thrown
 T' await and then to share their Fellow-Pris'ners Doom.

N o w must the wretched Race of all Mankind
 (From *Adam* to the last Created Soul)
 Who never were by true and lively Faith
 Chang'd and transplanted into Christ, appear
 Before his Judgment Seat ! Distinctions now

Betwixt

Betwixt the Great and Mean, the Weak and Wise
Which sway the little Minds of mortal Men
To Adoration or unjust Disdain,
His awful Bar knows none. Illustrious Kings,
Imperial Monarchs, Nobles, Heroes fam'd,
Statesmen renown'd, grave Judges, Prelates learn'd,
Blended with poorest Slaves and Peasants, throng
The level Plain. Not all the glitt'ring Robes,
Scepters and dazzling Crowns that once they wore,
Not all their Honour, Learning, Wisdom now
Their Minds can cheer, or Moment's Respite gain
Or smallest Favour partial, from that strict
Incorruptible Judge. The fading Joys
Imaginary Scenes and Dreams of Bliss,
That once their vain deluded Minds enwrap:
Those fleeting transitory Shadows, which
With empty Wind their Spirits immortal fed,
And all the false, seducing Charms of Sense
Are now for ever fled! And nought remains
But dismal Prospects of impending Woe,
Terror, Confusion, Darknefs, Guilt, Despair,
And sudden Sentence to eternal Flames!

To curst Bodies fore unwilling join'd,
 To endless Shame and vile Dishonour rais'd,
 Disastrous! Marr'd by Sin, suffus'd, convuls'd
 With inward Agony and Guilt, the vast
 And hideous Multitude their Trial dread,
 Trembling attend! -----

W H E N now th' All-wise and All-discerning King,
 Who sees and judges not as Mortals do,
 Shall strictly measure and exactly scan
 The Truth and Worth of Actions: Scrutinize
 Secret and Selfish, false and oblique Ends
 And Principles corrupt from whence they sprang,
 Not one of all those glitt'ring Works that here!
 Dazl'd the Eyes of Men, and wisest Saints
 Have oft deceiv'd, shall pass the searching Test
 Of that Tribunal - Void of vital Faith
 And precious Part in Christ's attoning Blood,
 (Sole Recommendance to Divine Regard)
 The fairest Shew of Moral Righteousness,
 Strictest Devotion seeming, num'rous Tale
 Of outward Duties, then as monstrous Rags,

With

With infinite Disdain shall be abhor'd
And stand condemn'd ! And all the dreadful Weight
Of vengeful Justice, due to every Sin
(An interposing Saviour having none)
Themselves must bear : And now must every Thought
So much as wandering ; every Act though good,
Swerving the least ; and every ilde Word
Be answer'd for : What unthought Horror then !
And Soul-amazing Guilt ! What deep Distress !
Anguish and Pain, and Dread will swiftly seize
The wretched Wights, when all their ghastly Sins,
Prodigious Deeds ! And bold Impieties !
Their horrid, faithless, barb'rous, brutish Works
In all their dreadful Colours shall appear
Upon that Last and Universal Stage
Of Men and Angels all in view ! And when
Th' incens'd Judge, inflexibly severe,
Inexorable, his Omniscient Eye
Shall dart on Conscience, and shall it enflame
With quick and fierce Reflections : Light spring in
Piercing and penetrating bright, the Mind
T' irradiate, and th' ungratful Mem'ry 'wake

To thousand Crimes and Follies long forgot :
Which the great King from his judicial Throne
Shall clearly open, and of all their Veils
Specious Disguises fair, at once divest,
And by his strict, eternal, perfect Law
Their hateful Nature show, their Numbers sum,
And dreadful Aggravations deep reveal,
With dire Amaze ! Their Sins will then be found
Exceeding sinful, vile beyond compare !
As Mountains big, as Atoms infinite !
The Secret hidden Works of Darknes now
That shun'd the Light, and thickest Covert sought
From Mortal Eye, and human Justice 'scap'd :
Impure, revengeful, base censorious Thoughts,
That revell'd in the Heart without Controul
Invisible to Men ; unjust Disdain,
Malice and Envy, Falseness, Unbelief,
Hardness, Impenitence and proud Contempt
Of Christ and heavenly Grace and Wrath to come,
(With outward Reputation once indulg'd)
And all the guilty Scenes of secret Sin,
Which never Eye could see, nor Ear betray

But

But his who is all Eye, and form'd the Ear ;
 These all shall forth, and on the Sinner's Front
 With everlasting Shame be blazon'd out
 In Face of Heaven and Earth and all as clear
 As brightest Sun on Wall of *Chrystal* shines.

CONVINC'D, confounded, all abash'd, the World
 Arraign'd and cast and Self-condem'd shall stand
 Speechless and Shiv'ring ! Guilty all pronounc'd !
 All Guilty found, not Guilty all alike.
 Happy *Sidonian* Sinner ! Happy wild
Arabian Salvage ! Happy *Indian* Slave !
 That never of a Blest Redeemer heard ;
 On whom the glorious Gospel never shone ;
 Nor holy Spirit - - - quench'd ; thrice happy they !
 To those forlorn, bewitch'd and miscreant Souls
 That thousand thousand earnest Calls refus'd
 And golden Seasons fair ! The Pow'rs to come,
 Tafted and then despis'd ! A Saviour spurn'd
 With all his melting Love ! The sov'reign Spirit,
 Frequent in close and kind Convictions chek't,
 And half-perswaded, turn'd from Heav'n again :

Th

That under specious Shew of pious Course
 And strict Devotion, past their wretched Days
 Strangers to Christ, and Unbelievers died
 In midst of *Goshen* Light ! O *British Isles* !
 Happy to you the dark Egyptian Towns
 The Sun of Righteousness that never saw
 Shedding his glorious Beams : That never were
 In Terms of dearest Love besought t' accept
 A bleeding Saviour to prevent the Death
 Of their immortal Souls : Happy to you !
 Those barb'rous *Heathens*, gross Idolators.
 Eternal Vengeance such shall lighter far
 Thundring sustain ; though easiest Place in Hell
 With unimagi'd Grievs and Tortures burns
 Excludes eternal Bliss, infers immortal Woe !

N o w must the Rebel-Angels all stand forth !
 Again they're cited, and again must make
 Their terrible Appearance ! Glad they would,
 Though cloath'd with noble, intellectual Forms
 Angelick and immortal, strait dissolve
 To their origin'd Nothing ! Glad to hide
 In Rocky Caverns or behind the Veil

Of an eternal Cloud! Yea quick descend
To their infernal fiery Holds direct,
'They'd infinitely chuse, no more to see
The Lamb Divine triumphant! So they dread
The Presence of their Judge, his killing Frowns
And awful Glory! But superior Pow'r
Binds them in Chains invincible, and forth
Reluctant brings! With infinite dismay
Again they tremble and assay to flee;
But all in vain! With the Rebellious World
Whom their Temptations from Allegiance drew,
They now must stand before th' eternal Throne
In dismal Ranks to share the fatal Doom.
Then shall the Just and All-avenging Judge
With frowning Terrors dread, and angry Looks,
That deeper strike than thousand Scorpion Stings
And with a Voice of blasting Thunder, say,

DEPART from me, y' accursed, damned Crew!
Depart! And into everlasting Fire,
Prepar'd for Satan and his Angels, flee!

O Words tormenting ! insupportable !
Big with eternal Death and Sorrow ! O Doom !
Dreadful yet just ! Which with it still involves
Ten thousand Terrors, Tortures, Griets, Despairs
Th' undying Worm, and Fire that none can quench,
Darkness and Chains and Groans and Wretchedness
Unknown ! unspeakable ! And worse than all,
Utter exclusion from the Joys of Heav'n,
Consummate Woe ! Swift from around his Throne
That dreadful-bright with fiercest Lightning shines
And glows with deadly Thunder, issue forth
Millions of flaming *Cherubs* ! Inf'nite Shrieks !
Despairing Outcries, Lamentations dire !
Fruitless Repentings, Pray'rs and dismal Sighs
Torment the Air, and rend the Skies in vain !
Not all the Bowels of tend'rest Friends,
Not all the soft and kind Endearments which
From Nature or Acquaintance once did flow ;
Nor all their hideous Moans and dreadful Doom
Shall now one pitying Look, one soothing Tear,
One interposing Offer gain ; not one ;

From

From those that once with softest Pity earn'd
And melted over them, and oft besought
With Tears and Pray'rs and many a moving Groan
Their precious, everlasting Souls to mind,
The dread Suspense of whose eternal State
Was wont to pierce them, and could one ev'n wi'h'd
Themselves accurst that they might ever happy Live.
But all those noblest Proofs of purest Love,
Those tender Pledges of most dear Regard
Are now no more ! The sympathetic Springs
Of Care, Compassion, that oreflow'd the Soul
And swell'd so high, are now dried up and all
The smallest Kindness in extreme Distress
Is gone ! For ever gone ! And perfect now
In love to Christ their dear Redeemer grown,
Shall sing to see his dreadful Attributes,
His Pow'r, Truth, Holiness, and Justice, shine
In their eternal Ruin ! *Jesus's* self
Divinly Meek, Prince of all heavenly Love,
That once so *free* for wretched Sinners bled,
With unrelenting Hand shall Vengeance yield
In fiery Flames ! The dreadful Magazines

Of his vindictive Thunder ope, and with
His own Almighty, uncreated Pow'r
Second his flaming Ministers! To Hell
The Blast of his avenging Voice shall quick
Hurl th' accurs'd! On Millions, Millions rowl,
And flee his awful glorious Presence more
Than thousand Deaths! Beneath his ireful Arm
Those hardy, bold, Arch-rebels, stubborn Friends,
Th' apostate Angels, sink, and trembling own
His infinite Supremacy, and far
From all that's Happy, Glorious, Great and Good
Remain for ever flung! While *Tophet* now
With ten-fold Vengeance flaming, opens wide
To gorge its horrid Prey, and deep engulph
Millions of Men and Devils *Judg'd to Hell*.
Infinite Leagues of dark, wild, roaring Wast,
Impenetrable *Chaos* rowl between
The Saints delightful *Paradise*, and where
Th' infernal *Dungeon* groans: And now compleat
Her vast and dreadful Numbers, Heav'n shall bar
Her burning *Adamantine Gates* and throw
Eternal Chains across, and doom 'em thence

To be for ever shut. Within confin'd ;
As proper Habitation there alone
All Sin and Misery driv'n down shall dwell :
Whilst still the Tempest of pursuing Wrath
Shall pierce the dismal Mansions, beating thick
Upon their naked Spirits ; eternal Pow'r
Sustain their wretched Beings still to bear
Th' immediate Strokes of Sin-avenging Wrath,
Pure and Divine Infliction, (dreadful Thought!)
Through all Eternity ! And languish thus,
Hated, unpitied, hopeless, unrepriev'd
(O dismal State of absolute Despair!)
In everlasting Groans, and never-dying Flames!

THE N shall the Saints in Triumph re-ascend,
With all the num'rous Hosts and shining Crowds
Of glorious Angels ! Everlasting Joy
Crowning their Heads ! And Shouts of Victory
Compleat, eternal, glorious sounding through
The vast *Celestial Regions* ! And with Hymns
And heavenly Airs, and sweet immortal Strains
Of Harp and Voice, enter th' *Empyrean Heav'n*

Sing-

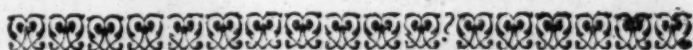
Singing th' eternal King ! Thenceforth to spend
A bright and blessed Immortality
In *Beatifick Vision* ! rapt'rous Sights
Of Christ's transforming Glory, and endless sing
Th' eternal Wonders of redeeming Grace !
Embosom'd all in Arms of heavenly Love,
With everlasting Joys emparadis'd !



HELL.



H E L L.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Horror of the Place. The exquisite Woe and Misery of being excluded the supreme Good and all heavenly Bliss. The dreadful Agonies and Anguish that result from the immediate eternal Infliction of Almighty Wrath. The unspeakable Pains and Torments of the Body. The inward Grievs, Terrors and Tortures of the Guilty self-reflecting Mind. The opprobrious Insults of Damned Angels, though infinitely torment-

H

ed

*ed themselves. The direful Wailings,
Bannings and Blasphemies of innumerable
fellow Damn'd. And all absolutely with-
out Hope of End, or the least Mitigation
to Eternity.*



INFINITE Distance from Celestial Plains,
Sever'd by mighty Gulph unpass'd and
fix'd,
By dark forbidding *Chaos* hemm'd, the
vast

And flaming Furnace glows! Right dreadful built
By Wisdom infinite provok'd; and fenc'd
By Wrathful Pow'r Omnipotent, decreed
Far from all human or divine Support
With unregarded Groans for ever to resound.
Where everlasting Fire and Darkness reign,
And damping Gloom, and startling Horror chill!
Where never Ray of cheerful Light shall shine,
Nor smallest Drop of Consolation come!
Where never Voice is heard, but loud Laments,
And Sighs and piercing Groans! Where nothing's seen
But of extremest Woe distracting Sights

Torment

Torment redoubling ! Nothing's felt or known,
 Nothing conceiv'd, but Anguish, Pain and Dread
 And hopeless, endless, Dolours ; where still prey,
 On the dire Wretches, endless sulph'rous Flames
 Yet unconsum'd ; while black Despair within
 Tortures insufferable ! No sweet Dawn
 Of heav'nly Hope, no precious healing Balm
 To antidote, the deadly Poison grows.
 But all is dismal, all is dread within,
 Without and all around : Vindictive Storms
 The doleful Regions fill, and dark reflect
 Eternal Night, in angry Tempest roar !
 Whence fierce and everlasting Lightnings pour
 Divine, immortal Vengeance down, and whence
 Ceaseless in Wrath eternal Thunders rowl,
 There must the Damned dwell ! ----

W H E N now the wretched and immortal Soul
 That supernat'ral happy Change ne'er found,
 By Faith united to Redeemer dear,
 Awful dislodges from terrene Abode,
 And to the eternal Regions takes her Flight,

With vast Confusion and with dire amaze
 All in a moment She cries out *Undone*
And lost beyond Reprieve! Those furious Fiends
 That with Heav'n's State, all heav'nly Graces left,
 Revengeful seize her strait, and down she's hurl'd
 To their infernal, fiery, dark Abode
 Plung'd in eternal Elames! Too late awake,
 Struck with the sudden dreadful Change, her vast
 And everlasting Thoughts around she throws
 And drinks immortal Woe, and pines, and shrieks,
 Wrapt in strong Chains of Fire, Despair and Death.

FIRST then in deadly Pangs the Soul reflects
 And her self finds for ever, of Heav'n forsook,
 Cut off, and banish'd from the Blessed God,
 Her only Sov'reign and Eternal Good,
 Immur'd in Flesh, immerst in vain Delights,
 Or in short Griefs and Cares as vain, involv'd;
 O'er all her Pow'rs a Veil of Darkness thrown
 By Sin, inconscious, unattentive to
 Her spiritual, precious ever-during Frame;
 The wretched Soul no loftier Good pursu'd,
 With'd

Wish'd or confes'd, beyond the sordid Bounds
 Of Sense and Time ; divine and future Bliss
 Disasting, disbelieving, spurn'd, disdain'd.
 Eternal Beauty's self could yield no Charms :
 Goodness immortal often smil'd in vain :
 The great Creator, dear Redeemer call'd ;
 Trifles, and Trash, and Death were far preferr'd.
 Endearments none the blinded Wretch could see
 Where alone Rest and Bliss for Souls can grow
 The all-containing Good and Fountain Fair.

B U T when the Soul from Bands of Clay releas'd
 And the Cloudy Mists of Sense disperse,
 That her bright Intellectuals dimm'd, and all
 Her just and proper Operations check't ;
 Sprung to the World of Spirits, now unconfin'd,
 Her own immortal native Vigour feels,
 Born for a boundless, everlasting State :
 When all the gay, enchanting Scenes of Time,
 Her fading flatt'ring Joys and gilded Baits
 That with infernal hidden Poison glow ;
 And all the false and fatal Charms of Sin,

At once unmask and throw off all Disguise,
And in their own detested direful Forms
The sore deluded Wretch insulting Mock;
While Vice and Vertue, Heav'n and Hell unveil'd,
Now in their true eternal Distance shine!
Deserted now of all her former vile
Pleasures intoxicating, all her fond
And courted Avocations vain to drown,
And better Thoughts to banish, strait awakes
In the starv'd Bosom of th' immortal Soul
A strong, an everlasting Appetite
For some Supreme, Eternal, Boundless Good,
To quench her Thirst, to fill her vast Desires,
And full Reply to all her Craving make;
And that can be no less, and none but God.
But O amazing Woe! That heav'nly Being
That her capacious Pow'rs alone can fill,
And to such mighty Wants Relief impart,
Is gone! for ever gone! and never will
One Look, one Glimpse, one Smile the Soul vouchsafe;
One Ray of Light, one glimm'ring Beam of Love,
Or distant Dawn, the dismal Mind to cheer
With hop'd Return, through all Eternity! Tor.

Tortur'd ! distress ! With endless Wishes rack'd !
 And Pantings infinite, she pines in vain.
 Hungry she flies to snatch immortal Food,
 But Food immortal there she none can find.
 Scorch'd with infernal Heats, her Pow'rs athirst
 Languish and long for living Water's Streams,
 But there no Streams of living Water flow.
 She mourns, she shrieks, and to the Heav'ns she throws
 Her wild despairing Thoughts, and wilder'd Means
 The boundless Object adequate ; would reach
 The Blest and Sov'reign Good, that once she spurn'd,
 (That still retires beyond her speediest Flight)
 Dearly now miss'd and fought but all in vain.

" A God there is, (the wretched Miscreant cries)
 " A God of infinite Perfections bright !
 " Divinely-Glorious, Bountiful and Rich,
 " Of all Endearments, everlasting Source,
 " Great without Bounds, and Good without compare,
 " That pours immortal Bliss and Glory down
 " Plenteous on Heads and Hearts of happy Spirits,
 " Myriads of Myriads in eternal Love !
 " With whom in Life, co-equal Rank I hold, " Birth

" Birth and Capacity the deeper Woe!
 " A God thus infinitely Good there is
 " That intellectual Being alone can bless,
 " But (O! distracting Grief!) there's none for me!
 " I know him, says the Soul, I know him now
 " With infinite Attractives lovelier much
 " Than all the Saints, and all the Angels fair!
 " But I his glorious Face shall ne'er behold,
 " Nor one soft Smile, one favourable Look
 " From that supreme, eternal Beauty reap.
 " I know he's Good, immeasurably Good,
 " Fountain and Spring of all Benignity;
 " Centre of Love, a Confluence vast of Grace,
 " Not to be expended by all finite Minds!
 " Millions embosom'd in his glorious Arms,
 " And from his Royal everlasting Stores
 " Richly replenish'd with immortal Joys,
 " Adore his Love and live for ever blest!
 " But I am banish'd from his heavenly Courts,
 " At an eternal Distance here confin'd
 " In Chains and Darknefs, from his sweet Embrace
 " Whence all this Goodness flows, for ever barr'd!

Not

“ Not one small Grain from all the Magazines
“ Of his immense, imperial Bounty rich
“ Will e’er b’ extended to refresh and cheer
“ My dol’rous Soul, in these infernal Shades
“ Regions of Woe! Famish’d with Want, with Thirst
“ Intolerable parcht, while all those Streams
“ Of Love and Mercy flow in Heav’n above,
“ Lo! here I languish, but I must not Die.
“ Clearly I now, but Ah! ’Tis now too late,
“ Too late! And all in vain: I clearly see,
“ That he that fashion’d my immortal Pow’rs,
“ And freely rank’d me above Brute, endow’d
“ With intellectual, everlasting Soul,
“ Form’d me capacious of no perfect Bliss,
“ Solid Content, but Emptiness and Woe
“ Short of his glorious Self, my sov’reign Good.

“ PLAINLY I feel, (and O! the matchless Woe!)
“ Plainly I see, should all created Good
“ Be heap’d upon me, all the fond Delights
“ That once bewitch’d me so, were all enjoy’d
“ In full Perfection, to Eternity!

“ Should

" Should Saints, should Angels, all the Joys of Heav'n
" Conspire to bless me, all amass'd in one;
" Can ne'er my ever-craving Wishes fill,
" This vast, aspiring, everlasting Mind.
" None but the God, who first Existence gave
" And by his Pow'r this endless Being fram'd,
" Can make me happy ; He alone can quench
" The tort'ring Flames I feel ; his blissful Love,
" Count'nance appeased and Divine Embrace.
" But O ! the wounding, O ! the deadly Thought !
" *He* 'tis alone, I know, can make me blest,
" And *Him*, I'm sure I ne'er shall happy see,
" Ne'er shall enjoy ; nor from these distant Realms,
" Darksome and gloomy, his bright Throne behold,
" Or smallest Tokens of his Love receive
" And gracious Visits ; but with high Disdain
" Flung from his Arms, forlorn and hopeless Wretch !
" Eternal outcast from his glorious Sight,
" In black Despair and Groans my Birth I rue
" Bereft of *God* --- Man's sov'reign Rest and Joy.
" O Grief ! O Terror ! Matchless Misery !
" Horrors unknown through all my Pow'rs run chill !

" O

- " O dread ! O fatal Doom ! can ne'er be shun'd
" Nor e'er endur'd ! Whither, ah ! whither now
" My hopeless Sorrows shall I cause to go ?
" While Sighs fly ecchoing through Eternity !
" Happy the Worms that on the Earth I saw
" And trampled on ; yea, happy Birds and Beasts !
" Plants, Stones and Trees, that there do senseless grow
" Senseless expire ; thrice happy they to me !
" No conscious Being, no intellectual Soul,
" Transmits them down, in endless Woes to pass
" A curst and dreadful Immortality.
" Mirror of Wretchedness ! extreme forlorn !
" Script of all Hope ! involv'd in fierce Despair !
" O Heav'ns ! O Hell ! O Damned Furies tell,
" What must I do, and whither shall I fly ?
" My Maker God, is gone, is gone for ever !

THUS shall the Soul in endless Complaints deplore
This dreadful, matchless, everlasting Loss,
Which all created Being can ne'er supply,
Can ne'er retrieve, should all created Being
Combine to console the damned Soul.

Little as wretched Mortals now bethink,
 Immerst in Sense, to spiritual Glories dead,
 The tort'ring Chains, the everlasting Pangs,
 The fierce sulphureous Flames that never die,
 Wound not, nor pierce, nor overwhelm the Soul
 So deep so deadly as that blasting Thought,
 Utter Exclusion from th' eternal Good.
 With Pow'rs too late awak'd, they then will find
 'Tis *Hell* in *Hell*, to lose that *Heav'n* of *Heav'n*.

DREADFUL, 'tis true, and more than Heart can think
 Or Angels Tongue can tell, to bid adieu
 To all the Joy, to all the glorious Bliss
 Which an immortal Nature can imbibe
 And grasp to all Eternity ! Yet well,
 Unhappy Wretch, if there his Woes might end.

BUT now the dismal Wight for ever flung
 From every Hope, and all the Joys of Heav'n,
 From everlasting Goodness sever'd quite,
 Eternal Justice whets the glitt'ring Sword
 And deals immortal Vengeance, fixing Plagues

And

And flaming Terrors on his inmost Soul.
 No mortal Hand the deadly Shades can draw;
 No Thought of Man the fearful Tempest paint;
 Nor Seraphims, nor all created Minds
 Can think, can utter or describe the Pangs
 That overwhelm the Soul, when inf'nite Wrath divine,
 Justly inflam'd, immediate Stroke inflicts,
 With dire Revenge and everlasting Pow'r.
 Again in Transports of unbounded Woe
 The doleful Wretch, with hideous Accent, cries

“ A H me ! Shut out from Heav'n, were Hell
 enough.

“ Expell'd Celestial Paradise, and thrown

“ At this eternal Distance from the Sole

“ And everlasting Fountain of my Bliss

“ I rue for ever ! Should no second Stroke

“ Exasperate my Wound ; no new, dark Scenes

“ Enlarge my dismal View ! But ah ! I find

“ The fearful Deluge swells, the Womb of Woe

“ Groans with ten thousand Births, and I must burn

“ Th' eternal Trophæe of Almighty Wrath,

I

“ Victim

- " Victim of Justice! Melting Bowels spurn'd,
 " Grace, Patience, Lenity and Love abus'd,
 " Wake an Almighty Arm to plead their Wrongs
 " And cry, Revenge! Revenge! Now is my Soul
 " Unto my Judge forlorn and naked turn'd,
 " And O! I find him a *Consuming Fire*!
 " Now in immediate Way I'm call'd to deal
 " With Deity incens'd; and (dreadful Thought!)
 " In my own single, wither'd, blasted Strength
 " For ever to contend, and Adverse bear
 " To him that made me. O! unequal Strife!
 " Conflict tremendous! Finite shiv'ring Worm
 " Enrag'd Omnipotence compell'd to meet!
 " T' enter the Lists of everlasting War
 " With that great God, that with a Breath can grind
 " The Rocks to Powder! Dry up all the Seas!
 " And fire the Skies! And back to *Chaos* dark
 " Frown universal Nature! Happy I!
 " If so his Wrath would end: But ah! I know
 " His Wisdom infinite has me reserv'd
 " Throughout a black Eternity to groan
 " In Pangs of Vengeance, such as Angel's self,
 " Would

- " Would unsustain'd, to nothing strait consume !
" His dreadful Majesty I see, I feel,
" His Terrors all in dire Array are set,
" While flaming Arrows pierce my inmost Soul
" And lodge within me ! All his Attributes
" Pointed with fiery Indignation, dart
" Eternal Torment ! O the dreadful God !
" Whose Jealous Eye I oft provok'd, and dar'd
" His pow'rful Threats by my presumptuous Sins,
" Thinking him such an one as I, but now
" Too late I rue such Folly bold and vain:
" Reverse to Heav'n, my State, ev'n Goodness's self
" Slighted and injur'd, deals eternal Woe.
" That glorious Beauty which transports the Saints
" And wears perpetual Smiles to them, to me
" It glows with thousand Terrors, Frowns and Death
" His spotless Purity with high Disdain
" And infinite Resentment deep abhors
" (Mischance impure !) my vile polluted Frame.
" His uncreated all-discerning Skill
" That built the Frame of my immortal Soul
" And all her Pow'rs did plant, exactly knows

- " Their various Make, Capacities, and how
" T' afflict or comfort to extreme Degree
" And utmost possibility, and thus
" Applies eternal Corrosives! His Pow'r,
" His dreadful unresisted Pow'r at once
" Inflicts the Stroke, and then sustains to bear
" Th' immortal Anguish, keener, fiercer far
" Than Lightning Blast, or thousand Scorpions Stings,
" Justice inflexible and Truth Divine
" Strict and unchang'd, in adamantinè Fetters
" Confine me down, while everlasting Days
" Furnish my Woe, and bar my Flight for ever.
" Oft I send forth my rack'd, bewilder'd Thoughts
" T' explore the Ocean of such piercing Griefs ;
" They swift with dire Recoil came thundring back :
" 'Tis all one vast immense Eternity !
" This fiery Cup of Indignation fierce,
" Of dread, unmixed Wrath, th' eternal Judge
" In flaming Vengeance has prepar'd, and I
" The deadly Dregs must drink! Strict Judgment pure
" And far from Mercy is my Doom, and I
" -The dreadful Doom possess ; but who can dwell

Oh!

- " O! Who can dwell with this devouring Fire?
 " Who can these everlasting Burnings bear?
 " These hot vindictive Flames of Deity.
 " What Pow'r created can sustain the Blow
 " Of his avenging Arm? Or who abide
 " The Fierceness of his Wrath? O who can tell
 " His pow'rful Anger? Which of all you Fiends
 " Damned can bear his killing awful Frowns
 " That kindle all these burning Plagues of Hell
 " And heat them sev'n-fold! O! how fearful 'tis!
 " Into his Hands to fall, that ever lives
 " A Sin-detesting God! I wish the Blasts,
 " The deadly Blasts of his *Divine Revenge*;
 " Would once consume me and to nothing blow
 " Pain and Existence both; for O! the fierce
 " Th' eternal Flashes of his fiery Wrath;
 " These Thunders of his Justice who can bear?
 " Terror, Confusion, Death, Despair and Woe,
 " Ten thousand thousand Woes! I cannot Die,
 " Cannot retreat; my dread Avenger's Hand
 " (Unutterable Grief!) will ne'er relent,
 " And I can neither bear, resist, nor fly.

IN furious Rage and ranc'rous Malice then
 The faint despairing Wretch begins to curse
 The blest Supreme, and impotent to pour
 Eternal Blasphemies against the King,
 The God of *Heav'n*; that dreadful back return
 Trebl'd with Vengeance ! O *Heav'n* ! Estate !
 Worst of Hell's self, more hateful than Flames
 Darkness and Stench in that infernal Lake :
 With dev'lish Rancour and Malignity
 To hate the sov'reign Good ! Revile, blaspheme
 The Majesty Supreme ; and vengeful Wish
 Dethrone the Highest, and destroy his Being.
 But far above the weak contemptuous Rage
 And blasted Wishes of the Damned Crew,
 Glorious himself, and Glorious in high Praise
 Of thousand Myriads of adoring Spirits
 He ever Reigns triumphant ! Crowns his Saints
 And Seraphims with Joy, and on the Heads
 Of his immortal Foes, eternal Vengeance flings.



T O R M E N T and Anguish unconceiv'd this is
That in a Moment would the Soul consume
To Hope or Fear insensible: But what
Can't an Almighty boundless Pow'r and back'd
With Vengeance infinite provok'd, sustain
The everlasting Criminal to bear.

N o w then th' infernal Furnace smokes, and Hell
Glow with sulphureous Flames; A fiery Lake
Fed with ten thousand Streams of burning Pitch,
And noisome Brimstone kindles, blown by Breath
Of an avenging God! The Body vile
Once delicate perhaps, admir'd, ador'd,
By such as none but skin-deep Beauty know,
Now chang'd to hideous foul Deformity
Sinks in the burning Ocean! O the dread
Temper-tormenting, quick ingredients sharp
Of that eternal Fire, devis'd, prepar'd
By wrathful Justice to revenge for ever
The final Unbeliever! Fiery Spark
Or smallest Taper light will now convey

Torture

Torture intolerable, such as would
All the bright Pleasure of an *Eden* drown
During Infliction, But with these black Flames,
Infernal, fierce tartareous Fire compar'd
The hottest Flame that mortal Arm can blow
Is soft refreshing Warmth, some Ev'ning Breeze
To scorching *Africk*-Sun. Stupendous Woe!
By angry Arm of him that ever liveth
Thus to be whelm'd in Sea of boiling Fire
Which all alike in every Part the Body
Throughout entire like fiercest Furnace burns,
As Vessel of eternal Wrath, prepar'd
For such Destruction. Lo! the fearful End,
The fatal sad *Catastrophe* of those
That fondly doting on the Casket fair
Th' invaluable Jewel fling away.
Pamper and please and deck the mouldring Dust;
The fading Body, destin'd Food for Worms;
But worse than stupid, spurn their heav'nly Birth,
And starve their noble intellectual Souls.

SHARP as the Torture is the Soul invades
By sympathetic Union strict and near,
Tender and exquisite, in all the Pangs
That lash the burning Corps; her native Pow'rs
Inward are all at solemn Leisure sad
To view distinctly and survey its Woe,
And each exasperating Thought drink in,
(Priv'ledge accurst!) thus made by Pow'r Divine
Strong to endure. Her Intellectuals clear,
Freed from obstructing Mists that dimm'd her Sight,
Vastly enlarg'd, quick, active now become;
Stript of the various Objects that amus'd
Her Fancy once, and Pleas that Conscience brib'd,
Like as a furious *Giant* rous'd from Sleep
Awakes the never-dying Worm, and strait
Seizes th' immortal Soul, and all its Pow'rs
Torments and Tears in pieces! Racks the Mind
With thousand thousand Cogitations dire,
Wounding Reflections that corrode, and bite
Like Vipers, as insatiate Vultures prey.

A G A I N the curfed Wight in doleful Strains
And piercing Sighs her fearful Complaints renews.

“ W R E T C H that I am, and wretched muft remain
“ Through all Eternity ! environ’d round
“ With Seas of Woe, that Bank nor Bottom know.
“ Immortal infinite Diftreffs I feel
“ In prefent Pangs, befides the Proffpect large
“ Of fad Futurity that opens wide
“ And pours perpetual Mifery, of all
“ My Self th’ unnat’ral Author ! Startle, Heav’ns !
“ Let Angels blufh, and all Creation Wonder !
“ Hopelefs, I now muft rowl in Anguifh, fuch
“ As thoufand thoufand of thefe deathlefs Spirits
“ Though damn’d, fhall never feel : Eternal Chains,
“ Laden with heavier Wrath, confine me down
“ To utter Darknefs, and the fierceft Flames,
“ Which in this ever-burning Furnace glow !
“ Wrapt in the Guilt which never did involve
“ Rebel-apoftate Angels, O ! I fink,
“ I fall beneath them in my fearful Doom

And

" And righteous Punishment severe ! When they
 " From Heav'n's supreme Allegiance did withdraw,
 " And their first State and Habitation left,
 " Eternal Justice laid them fast in Chains
 " Of Everlasting Darkneſs ; hurl'd them down
 " To this infernal Priſon ſtrong, reſerv'd
 " For Publick Judgment at the final Day.
 " No Embaſſies of Grace, no Terms of Peace,
 " And happy Reconcilement, by the Hand
 " The golden Hand of Mercy e're was ſent
 " To thoſe apoſtate-Spirits : Saviour none
 " Upon him, their angelick Nature took
 " From everlaſting Slav'ry to Redeem
 Encaptiv'd *Seraphims* : No Goſpel-Beams
 " On them did ever ſhine, no coſtly Means
 " For their Salvation us'd, no ſpace was giv'n,
 " No Place for Pardon and Repentance left ;
 " But void of Pity, with relentleſs Hand
 " Down into endleſs Burnings ſwift were plung'd
 " For ever doom'd to rue their fatal Fall !
 " Myriads I ſee, that born in Heathen Land,
 " In the thick Gloom of Native Darkneſs wrapt

Their

- " Their and the World's Creator never knew
 " Chain'd on the Burning Lake ! Tremendous Sight !
 " Sov'reign but just ! These never never knew
 " Their own immortal Nature ; never thought
 " Themselves by brittle Twine of Life, to hang
 " 'Twixt two such distant, vast Extremities
 " Of Bliss or Woe ! The glorious Gospel Sun
 " Did ne'er above their dark Horizon shine
 " The Danger of their laps'd State to show,
 " Or point them to a Saviour : Happy they !
 " Happy to me ! they never impious spurn'd
 " The great Redeemer ; nor perversely prov'd
 " Scornful, and deaf to Heav'n's inviting Charms.
 " Justly Condemn'd for lesser Guilt, they groan
 " In Pangs that no created Mind can bear ;
 " Yet fewer Stripes, and less intense Degree
 " Of Torment, the just Judge has doom'd them to.
 " But I forlorn, abandon'd Miscreant vile !
 " Unequal'd Wretch ! my first and fatal Breath
 " *British* I drew ! In *England's* happy Soil !
 " Of all the Nations of the World belov'd
 " By Heav'n, and as his choicest Fav'rite blest

With

“ With clear Meridian Beams of Light Divine
“ Leading to Immortality ! And there
“ From Parents Holy and Religious sprang ;
“ Early devote to God in Baptism was ;
“ (Ah ! soon renounc’d !) in pious Nurture train’d.
“ A thousand clear and peircing Sermons heard :
“ A thousand earnest melting Calls withstood :
“ From stubborn Arms a bleeding Saviour thrust,
“ (Wonder aghast all Hell !) and barr’d my Heart,
“ ’Gainst all the Motions of his gracious Spirit.
“ O fond ! O fatal Choice ! Stupendous Folly !
“ And Madnefs infinite ! I rue, I rue,
“ For ever rue my blind corrupted Mind,
“ My marble Heart, my Passions vain, bewitch’d,
“ That blifsful Gates of Heav’n against me barr’d,
“ And on my Head this deadly Vengeance drew
“ Self-plung’d in all this Woe / Vast Crowds I see
“ That from the same enlightn’d *Goshen* come ;
“ But with such rich and plenteous Means, as I,
“ And Calls were never favour’d ; Damn’d they are
“ And deeply too, but not so deep as I.
“ Oh ! that the Days, those golden Days of Grace

“ Once might return ! That those fair shining Times,
“ Of heav’nly Mercy might again revolve
“ And try my Soul ! Oh that Redeeming Blood
“ Might but this once be tender’d more ; a World !
“ ‘Thousands and Thousands of the best of Worlds
“ For one soft Whisper of a future Hope,
“ Though Years though Ages distant - - -
“ But now ’tis all in vain ! The Door is shut,
“ The Judge has past my everlasting Doom,
“ Which all created Pow’rs can ne’er reverse.
“ My Days for ever gone ! My Sun is set
“ In this dark Region, and ne’er more will rise.
“ Fair Summer’s spent, eternal Winter’s come ;
“ Harvest is past, and I am lost for ever !
“ The Scene is shifted now, and mercy spurn’d
“ T’ incens’d Justice has me over turn’d ;
“ And O ! the Stores, the Magazines of Wrath,
“ That his fierce Shafts will always spend upon me !
“ The *Golden Sceptre* now is laid aside,
“ And with a *Rod of Iron*, *Justice* rules,
“ Whose deadly weight I feel ; the Throne of Grace
“ A dread, severe Tribunal is become,

And

- " And I the everlasting Thunders hear.
 " Ah, curst Caitiff! How does black Despair
 " Consign me over to eternal Woe!
 " On me no Ray of Mercy e'er will dawn;
 " No Hope of Pardon e'er to me can come;
 " Or smallest Drop of Consolation sweet
 " These languish'd Pow'rs to chear; but all my Sins,
 " With all their Aggravations long forgot,
 " Came thundring now, and I no Saviour have,
 " No Blood to speak, to plead, to wash the Guilt
 " And stop the hideous Cries of Conscience loud,
 " Now all inflam'd! or with it Contract make,
 " Fiercest Tormentor, Quintessence of Hell!

Who would now stretch a Thought, or once
 conceive

Beyond these most amazing Scenes of Woe,
 New Stores of Vengeance still entreasur'd lie,
 Or finite Mind th' eternal Weight could bear.
 But so the Sentence, and the righteous Judge
 Vengeful, in nothing will relax or bate.

Now then the fierce, insulting Fiends of Hell,
That with immortal Hate beguil'd the Soul,
And spread a thousand Gins and glitt'ring Baits
Tempting to draw her from her best Pursuits,
With Diabolick Fury swift will fly
Taunting, and tear the wretched Wight, with Scoffs,
Sharp and *Satanick*; and his flaming Pangs
Dev'lish assay t' enhance with Tortures new.
Curst they are themselves, and under Doom
Of everlasting Torment firm are held.
For Knowledge, Malice, and Duration long,
Sublimity, and vaster Compass far
In Sin, in hellish and nefarious Deeds,
Rebels they are and Traitors to the Crown,
Honour, and Empire of th' eternal God
Of far superior Rank : And Pow'r Divine,
Awak'd by Justice, and with Wrath inflam'd
For ever on their Guilty Heads shall throw
Proportion'd Vengeance ! By his dreadful Arm
And blasting Thunder rent, th' apostate Fiends
Stubborn shall bow and bend, shall trembling roar,
Whelm'd

Whelm'd by his Wrath, unable (utterly)
 To bear the Terrors of an Angry God.
 But with more active, potent Natures clad,
 Sov'reign Ordain'd by uncontroll'd Decree;
 And chiefly prompted by their native Hate
 And furious Rage infernal, Oyl they pour
 To everlasting Flames, and swell the Woes
 Of lost and wounded Souls! the while themselves
 In Floods of Vengeance rowl, in fiery Chains
 Are wrapt, and from a thousand inward Tortures howl:

INSULTING Devils mock the Wights beguil'd,
 And they in Rage their curst Tempters ban.
 Companions dear, with eag'rest Arm embrac'd
 Partners in Sin, each other drawing on
 To everlasting Death, shall now become
 Partners in Flames, and in eternal Rage
 Mutual retort revengeful! Fire and Gloom
 Through all the vast infernal Regions reign
 In hideous Aspect, and at once involve
 Myriads of Angels, and immortal Souls
 For ever lost! Amazing Horror wild.

Dread all around in thick Confusion flies,
And hideous Groans with universal Din,
Incessant through the flaming Vault resound.

Nothing but Spectacles of Woe appear,
And dreadful Forms of absolute Distress
Num'rous and full of Horror Guilt, Despair,
Rage, Envy, Shame, and fiercest Pains of Sense
Join their dire Labours to torment the Damn'd.
Like as the Saints each others Joys partake,
And mingling Flames of Love, the brighter glow ;
Ev'n so revert ; th' infernal Spirits accurst,
Stript of all heav'nly Friendship Grace, and Love
And each endearing Thought, they hateful, hate,
Vengeful malign, mutual Woes enflame,
And round about promiscuous Ruin throw.
Sighs wing'd with Anguish ! Dire and loud Laments
From inward Torments flaming ! Moans and Shrieks,
That sharp ascend from agonizings Pangs !
Bannings, and Blasphemies, and dismal Groans,
From universal tortur'd *Hell* that spring,

Confounding Discord, horrid Jars create
Rueful, and evermore the dol'rous Cavern rend!

O! H O W unlike the glorious State above!
Those ever calm, serene, Celestial Seats!
That Peace and Bliss, that Light and Life and Praise!
That sweet, immortal Harmony and Love,
Which reigns and shines in Heav'n, and crowns with
Joy
The happy Myriads there to all Eternal Days!

N O W might the wretched Soul this *Hell* inherit,
With all these flaming Horrors compact round,
Millions of Years no more than smallest Sands
On mighty *Ocean Shoar*; with rapt'rous Hope
She'd sing in midst of Torment, and her Self
Account undamn'd! But Oh! that fatal *Ever*!
Pointed with thousand Darts of fierce Despair
Strikes deadly inward with perpetual Wound,
And blasts the Soul for ever! - - -

WHERE

WHEREFORE the Hopeless Wretch in dismal Sighs
Pours out her last, and everlasting Moans.

“ PLUNG’d in an *Ocean* of eternal Wrath,
“ That round about in fiery Billows roars,
“ And all my Pow’rs with boiling Vengeance floods,
“ Weltring in Flames I groan ! I Terrors feel
“ And Tortures, such as proudest Fiend would quell
“ And dash to nothing unsustain’d by Pow’r
“ Boundless, Omnipotent ! Each Good is fled
“ Sov’reign and all ; and ev’ry Evil flows
“ Pure and unmix’d, and swells my dreadful Cup.
“ But could I fling away that rending Word
“ *ternity* ! And from my Thoughts discard
“ This *Everlasting* ! Or this raging Breast
“ With hopes of future Outlet least could sooth,
“ And that these bleeding Wounds would once be clos’d
“ The deadliest Sting would die : But Woe is me !
“ Heav’ns awful, just, unchangeable Decree
“ Has in these fiery Chains consign’d me o’er
“ To endless Torment ! O *Eternity* !

That

- “ That fatal wounding Thought, *Eternity* !
“ Should all the Stars of Heav’n be counted up,
“ Those thousand Myriads, and each Star should shine
“ Ten thousand Years successive, Happy I !
“ When all those Stars had shone, my Woes might
 end.
“ Millions of grassy Spires invest the Earth ;
“ And Millions more of dewy Drops impearl
“ The verdant Blade : Were each small dewy Drop,
“ And each green Spire, a Cent’ry, (Time immense !)
“ In slow succeeding Ages to revolve,
“ Happy were I, if then my Sighs might cease.
“ Give me each Grain of all those mighty Sands
“ That bound and pave the *Ocean* ; give me all
“ Those Shoals of Atomes that unnumber’d flow
“ Through universal Nature’s space, and count
“ Each Grain, each Atome for Ten thousand Years ;
“ When all those thousand , thousand Years have
 rowl’d,
“ *Hell* without Interval, Ah happy I !
“ If then these Flames would slack , these Chains
 would fall,

- " The Thunders stay, the Lightnings dart on
 more,
 " Or I to nothing then might waste and die.
 " But Sand and Atomes (O immortal Woe !)
 " And dewy Drops, and Spires of Grass and Stars,
 " And every Creature, Thoughts, and Numbers self
 " Beyond the grasp of Men and Angels stretch't
 " In unconceiv'd Addition ! These shall all
 " Arrive at Goal, to final Period come ;
 " But still the *Thunders* roar, the *Lightnings* fly,
 " I wear my Chains, the Flames around me feel,
 " And these must ever live, I never die.
 " When all this vast unmeasur'd Space of Time
 " That drowns created Thought, has dark revolv'd
 " Her countless Ages of infernal Woe,
 " *Sea* without *Shoar* I just am entering in !
 " In mazy Labyrinth I wonder still,
 " And here I languish in eternal Groans
 " Unpitied, ever Hopeless ! O that *Ever* !
 " That dreadful, cursed, blasting Thought, *For*
Ever,

“ O F heav’nly Wisdom left, of heav’nly Love,
“ To others and my Self forsook, and now
“ My own and worst tormenting Foe become,
“ Present Infliction far too weak to bear,
“ Ceaseless I forth exploring Thoughts dispatch,
“ And grasp my future Woe! at once o’erwhelm’d
“ In instant *Hell*, and all the *Hell* to come!
“ Thus has vindictive *Justice* fore ordain’d
“ Inflexible, and my afflicted Pow’rs
“ Must thus torment! But O *Eternity*?
“ What Mind can bear? All ill, all *Hell*, all Horror,
“ All dire Despair! *Eternity*! *Eternity*!

T H I S is the State, though faintly shadow’d forth
(For Man nor Angel to the Life can paint
‘The Joys of *Heaven*, or the Pains of *Hell*!)
This is the deadly State, the burning Pit
Of never-ending Miseries, to which
All that unpardon’d through Redeemer’s Blood
And by his mighty Spirit unchang’d remain,
Stand dire expos’d; and by a thin-spun Thread

Of

Of brittle Life, hang o'er this dismal World
This World of infinite eternal Woe.

M A Y heav'nly Grace and Wisdom be vouchsaf'd
To wretched Sinners now in time to see
Th' impending Danger and in Time to fly
Speedy, and hide them in their Refuge safe.
Run to his Arms who now inviting stands,
J E S U S, the Saviour from this Wrath to come.

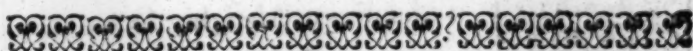
Y E happy Souls! whom Conqu'ring Grace has
won
From Sin, from *Satan*, to your rightful Lord,
Your proper sov'reign Good: ye Saints adore,
Admire the Wonders of redeeming Love;
That from this fiery deep of Wrath divine
Has you so dearly ransom'd; and e'er long
Will to Celestial Bliss triumphant bring;
Delug'd all o'er with Beatifick Love!
Vest'd with Robes of Light and Crowns of Glory!



H E A V E N.



HEAVEN.



THE ARGUMENT.

The Glory of the Place. The immediate Beatifick Vision of the incomprehensible DEITY, Father, Son and Spirit. Divine Communion with, perfect Enjoyment and Eternal Admiration of a Glorified Saviour, God-Man. The Sight and Knowledge of, Society and Communion with Myriads of Angels and Glorified Saints. Absolute Perfection in Holiness, and entire Conformity to Christ in Soul and Body. The ravishing Entertainment of Heaven, in

L the

*the Discovery of the Eternal Counsels and
Decrees, the Myſteries of Grace, Methods
of Providence and Wonders of Creation.
The Rapture and Harmony, Joy and Praise
thence reſulting, without Wearineſs or Ceſſa-
tion to Eternity.*



A I L, heav'nly Love! O Spirit all
Divine !

With infinite, Almighty *Father, Son,*
Co-equal God ! To thee I gladly pay

Religious Adoration, and invoke

Thy heav'nly Aid, thy condeſcending Grace

To teach m' imprifon'd, pilgrim, captive Soul

To Sing celeftial Joys! To view, to tell

Th' eternal Stores, the Magazines of Blifs .

In *Heav'n* prepar'd, in *Heaven* ſafe reſerv'd

For all that ſhare the glorious Sov'reigns Love !

Divine, invifible, unerring Guide,

That midſt the bright and ſhining Cherubs dwell'ſt,

Hymning thy Praise ; to whoſe Omnifcient View

The hidden, everlaſting Counſels deep

And all the great triumphant Scenes above

Ever

Ever lie open : What blest Hand but thine,
The gloomy Curtains of the Grave can draw
And tear the Veils, the thick beclouding Veils-
Of Time, and Sense, and lead me up by Faith,
Steady to take a clear and ample View
Of *New Jerusalem*, divinely rear'd,
And *Paradise* Celestial ; where no Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge grows, and which
Th' infernal *Serpent* never shall invade.
But all is happy, all serenely fair,
Joyous, secure, on firmer Pillars fix'd .
Than Earthly *Eden* ; faded ne'er shall wax
Or dim in all its Glory, all its Bliss
And num'rous Joys ineffable , may I,
(Through wondrous Grace, O wondrous Grace indeed!)
There ever see thy Face and sing thy Praise .

T H' Imperial Seat of Residence Divine,
Where the great King of Glory, God of Love
In all the Grandeurs of his Grace appears
And Majesty eternal ; where to View
Of endless Myriads of adoring Spirits

With Beatifick Face unveil'd he shines,
Wisdom and Pow'r immense has stately built
Past all Imagination bright and vast!
The trackless Stages of those shining Orbs;
Th' ungraspt Expence of all th' Ethereal Spheres
Bound not those far superior Realms of Light,
Regions of Joy, where Glory Native dwells.
The goodly Structure, heav'nly Palace, bears
Immortal Strokes of Beauty and Design,
Answ'ring th' Idea great, the glorious Plan,
Form'd in th' eternal Mind! the noble Pledge
Of infinite, Allwise, Almighty Love,
Model and Architecture both Divine.
Its *Orient Gates* by wondrous Art are form'd
Of Pearl entire! like Sea of *Jasper* shines
The glitt'ring Pavement, all of massy Gold!
The spacious Walls with sparkling Diamond bright
Transparent, and with loveliest *Sapphires* glow.
But *Pearls* and *Sapphires*, *Diamond* and *Gold*,
Stars too and Suns and all Sydereal Light
The matchless Splendor of the heavenly State
Faintly intend. At each fair Gate a Band

Ceaseless

Ceaseless of noble shining Seraphs wait
Through thousand dang'rous Conflicts safe arriv'd
Pilgrims to usher in with welcome Song
To their eternal Home ! Ten thousand Thrones
And bright immortal Mansions all around
Lighten with Glory ! Through th' empyreal Plain
A Stream of *Living Water* ever flows
Pure and as clear as Chrystal ; On each side,
The Tree of Life with never fading Bloom
Yields her immortal Fruits ! *Jehovah's* Face
And glorious Throne Divine, begirt with Light
Radiant, and dazling Splendor unapproach'd,
Crowns and compleat's and infinite excel's
Seraphick, Saints, and all Celestial Glory !
No need of Sun by Day or Moon by Night
That heav'nly World to lighten, where no Shade,
No Night shall ever come ; but Rays Divine
From *God Almighty* and the *Lamb* shall shine
Eternal Day ! No Temple there shall need,
For Veils, and Time, and Sense and Faith are gone
And all is blissful Sight ! Seraphick Love !
And Adoration pure ! There Saints shall arm

In Arm with Angels walk, shall reign, shall shine,
 And holy Hallelujahs ceaseless sing
 In Choir harmonious to th' eternal Throne.
 Never shall Hunger more, no more shall Thirst,
 Nor sultry Heat, nor pinching Cold annoy ;
 No Crying, Pain or Death ; but the *Lamb's* self
 Shall dwell among them, and with Love Divine
 Shall guide, shall feed them, and with tend' rest Hand
 To living Fountains lead ; and mournful Tears
 God from each Eye shall ever wipe away.

THERE we shall see that infinite, immense,
 Incomprehended, absolute, supreme
 Eternal Being ! *Father, Son and Spirit !*
 Ador'd, ineffable, Divine *Three-One*,
 The First and Fountair Fair ! Of all that's good,
 Lovely delightful, noble, excellent,
 That in all Forms created glimm'ring shines
 The sole and bright Original ! Whose Pow'r
 Wisdom and Goodness infinite has stamp'd
 Such beauteous Characters around the Frame
 Of this inferior World ; and richly pour'd

Such

Such num'rous Graces, such celestial Charms,
Such shining Glory and triumphant Bliss
On all the Saints and Seraphims above,
Himself how Fair, how Good, how Glorious then !
Him we shall see, who for his Royal Will,
And by his sole omnific Word has form'd
All things of nothing ! From himself deriv'd
Being and Life to all, and thence sustain'd.
At whose Command, the vast celestial Spheres
And all those glitt'ring Orbs, the Earth, the Deep,
Their proper Stations know, various exist,
Harmonious move ! That for his Glory form'd
Adam and all his num'rous Progeny,
Num'rous as Stars ; and by his Conduct high,
Most Wise, most Holy over all Things did
Preside invisible ; the smallest Turns,
Seeming Contingents, or the weightier Change
Of Publick Revolutions over-rul'd
With all th' infernal dark Designs of *Hell*,
T' advance the Glory of his matchless Grace,
His free, immutable, eternal Love,
In their Salvation, whom he Sov'reign will'd

For

For ever happy by his only Son.
Him we shall view, and in those Views exult
With Joy and Love unutterable ! Him !
That on the Circle of the Earth enthron'd,
Spans the vast Heavens, and in his awful Hand
The boundless *Ocean* grasps ; in Scales the Hills
And loftiest Mountains weighs ! That with a Look
Of Proudest Monarch all the Pride can stain
And brightest Glory tarnish, with a Frown,
Make all the stubborn Fiends of *Hell* to quake.
That self-existent, self-sufficient, cloth'd
With independent Glory, utmost Bliss,
Native encirc'd in his own Embrace ;
Can in a Moment, if he please, remand
Heavens glorious Frame, fair Earth, and deepest *Hell* :
Back to their first dark Nothing ! unclips'd
In the bright Radiance of his Life Divine,
His self-sprung Splendor and Felicity.
Whose uncontroul'd, despotick, boundless Sway
All Things confess within the unknown Sphere
Of universal Nature, and him pay
Homage obsequious, or a passive Praise.

This

This glorious Monarch, this eternal King
Who Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the glitt'ring Hosts
That People those immortal Mansions bright
At once Created, and in Majesty
Of his *Eternal God-head* ever blest,
Shines infinite ! above the Sight, the Soar,
The largest Grasp, the highest loftiest Praise
And brightest Beauty fair of all the Saints,
And all the Cherubims around the Throne,
Though bright and glorious ; as our Friend endear'd,
Our heavenly Father, reconciled God !
That from eternal Ages chose us free,
And wond'rous sav'd us by his glorious Son ;
Our utmost Wish, our everlasting Home,
Our chiefest, final, universal Good,
Where all the Pantings of our Souls expire
In endless Bliss ! Thus view'd, in this fair Light,
The glorious Deity with Face unveil'd
Raptur'd, we then shall see, adore and love !
Stamp'd and transform'd by beatifick Smiles
To heav'nly Likeness ! Wrapt at the blest Vision
In one eternal Extasy of glorious Joy and Praise.

A N D

AND next with ravi'h'd Eye, and rapt'rous Mind,
Glowing with Transports never felt before
Of Love and Joy unknown, we then shall view
The *Glorious Jesus!* All created Heights
All heav'nly Pow'rs and Empires far surpass'd,
Brightly Enthron'd! While Adoration high,
Love, Praise, Renown, Dominion's equal paid
With his eternal Father! Loftiest Thrones,
Angel, Arch-Angel, Principality,
Cherub and Seraph, and each glorious Saint
Sing the Redeemer with triumphant Lays
And glad adore *Incarnate Deity!*
Stretch'd on the utmost Wing of Angel-Flight
In one eternal Gaze of deep Inquest,
Gabriel and all his Fellow-Seraphs wise,
The wondrous Union Hypostatick high
Ravi'h'd contemplate! Universal King
And Head Supreme of all the Orders bright
Amidst the Church triumphant, lov'd, admir'd,
He ever Reigns. Just Arbiter ordain'd
And everlasting Judge of all the World,
Ready all *Heav'n*, with Wing obsequious wait

The

The awful Signal to attend him down
And guard his dread Tribunal ! Him they shout
Victorious and Immortal, Just and True
Return'd from Judgment ; and in glorious Train
Brightly conduct him to his heavenly Throne,
Warbling his Praise to all eternal Days.
Wrapt with Ten thousand beauteous Glories, which
Adorn that loveliest radiant Person, who
All Lustre of created Charms outshines,
Angelick and Celestial, him they sing
Immortal Fair ! of Beauty standard bright !
The Prince, the Mirror of all heav'nly Forms !
Diffusing Transports of celestial Joy
In every smile Divine ! New Beauties spring,
New ravishing Endearments hourly rise
In their ador'd *Immanuel*, ne'er known,
View'd or expected in the cloudy State
Of this vain World. With sweet amaze, the Saints,
And wondrous Joy the human Nature see,
Lower than Angels in Creation made,
Advanc'd most glorious by th' Incarnate Son
Their Bone, and Fle'h and heav'nly Kinsman dear

To

To dignity Divine, with veiled Face
Of brightest Seraphim ador'd! the sweet
Attractive Magnet, dear profound regard
Of Heav'n entrant with Joy and drown'd in Love!
Charm'd with the Glories of his Face Divine,
They count the Wonders of his bleeding Love
In sacred Extasy; with Pow'rs inflam'd,
Englarg'd, ennobl'd with the Influence bright
Of heav'nly Light and Vision! and in Songs,
And loud *Hosanna's* teach the Heav'ns to tell,
And the eternal Regions all to Sound
Th' endearing Mysteries, th' amazing Stoop,
And high Atchievements of Redeeming Grace.
With Hearts of Ravishment, and wondring Eyes,
And Tongues that with Seraphick Diction sweet,
Spontaneous and mellifluous ever flow,
They sing the *Jesus*, who the heavenly Will
Of his great Father, bent on Love to Man,
T' accomplish, and to save from endless Woes
Millions of pretious never-dying Souls
Of Angel-kin, that glorious Throne forsook,
And all the Praises, all the heavenly Bliss

Attendant

Attendant, and in Love divinely great
 And Pity such, as ne'er kind Seraph breath'd
 Freely came down, as free endur'd, embrac'd
 The inf'nite Pain and Shame, Wrath, Curse, and Death
 Dreadful impendent on the Heads of those
 He lov'd, not else redeem'd ! This boundless Love
 In rapt'rous Strains they evermore admire
 With Joy and Wonder whelm'd, whene'er they think
 That glorious Body more than Cherub bright,
 In dol'rous Groans from ev'ry Vein should bleed
 For their Redemption dear ; despis'd, condemn'd,
 By some he dy'd to save ; by Pow'rs of *Hell*
 With utmost Rage assail'd ; while all his Soul
 Was drencht in Wrath Divine ; and O whose Mind
 But his alone can guess the Anguish then he bore !

" AMAZING Grace ! inimitable Love !
 (Th' adoring Saints with endless Rapture cry)
 " That thou from all Eternity enthron'd
 " In highest Bliss and heav'nly Glory, crown'd
 " With utmost Honour and Felicity
 " Fulness divine possessing, and array'd

M

With

- “ With all Perfections of the Deity
“ Thy self *Eternal God!* and didst enjoy
“ Blissess consummate, truly infinite,
“ Ten thousand thousand Ages long before
“ The heav’nly Orbs began to rowl; that thou
“ Shouldst quit that splendid State, divine Abode,
“ And all the royal Robes of Majesty,
“ And from among the glorious Praises which
“ From Myriads of adoring Spirits flow’d
“ In constant Halleluiahs, down shouldst go
“ Into that Vale of Tears and Misery.
“ And there in wondrous and mysterious sort
“ Ineffable, thy glorious Nature didst
“ To ours, so infinite Inferior, join,
“ And into strictest Union take, by Birth
“ Mean and Inglorious! Subject didst become,
“ (O Angels sing!) to all the Laws Divine,
“ Thy self their *Sov’reign, everlasting Maker.*
“ A Life of Suff’rings vast, Shame, Misery,
“ Of fierce Afflictions and Temptations dire
“ Thou passedst through; Obedience high and strict,
“ Perfect and Universal, constant, pure,

(More)

- “ (More worth than Heav’n and all the Praises there)
“ Always fulfilling ; and at last a Death
“ Of dreadful Pain and horrid Curse didst die ;
“ Basely insulted by those envious Fiends
“ The damned Angels, lost apostate Crew,
“ And vile ungrateful Man ; the dreadful Waves
“ Of infinite, Divine, vindictive Wrath
“ Rolling in Tempest on thine inmost Soul.
“ That thus th’ eternal heav’nly Glory thou,
“ Gladly shouldst leave, and veil thy *Godhead* thus
“ And all this Ignominy, Shame and Pain
“ And thousand Deaths shouldst freely undergo,
“ From the dread Seizure of avenging Wrath
“ And *Hell*’s infernal Dungeon, to redeem
“ So mean, so vile, contemptuous Worms as we,
“ While yet Unborn ; and into Being come
“ Rebellious strait in wicked Arms did rise
“ Base Traitors to thy Crown and Dignity,
“ Despising all this Love ! who might long since
“ Justly be doom’d to rowl in endless Flames,
“ Trophees of Wrath ! That e’er thou thus shouldst save
“ The most unworthy of the Human Race.

- " O Grace unfearchable ! O heav'nly Love !
 " Amazing Kindnefs ! infinite Good Will !
 " That ne'er the Breaf of nobleft Seraph warm'd,
 " Nor the Tranfcendent, wondrous Birth could be
 " Of Angel-thought ! O matchlefs, matchlefs Love !
 " Too vaft for all the gen'rous Minds in *Heav'n*,
 " Worthy the great and glorious *Son of God*.
 " Refume your Harps, ye bleft Seraphick Spirits,
 " Let Raptures frefh, your heav'nly Voices raife
 " To higheft Pitch and sweeteft Melody
 " To fmg redeeming Grace, and chaunt its Praise
 " With univerfal Joy, 'in endlefs Song
 " Harmonious, and with Wonder drown'd in Love.

AGAIN they trace him from his dol'rous Crofs
 Where all the Pow'rs of Darknefs, vanquish'd lie
 Wrapt in Confufion, while he hung triumphant,
 Glorious in Love ! and to his radiant Throne
 Compatt with Glory and Immortal Light
 Their Adorations pay, recounting sweet
 The mighty Travels of redeeming Grace
 And wondrous Product ! O ! in that fair World,

Into

Into his nearest shining Prefence come ;
 Refresh'd and raptur'd with his heav'nly Smiles,
 In Arms, in Bosom of *Emanuel's* Love
 Imparadis'd / What mutual melting Strains
 Highest Complacence and endear'd Embrace,
 What Life, what Love, what Joy transporting flow
 In endless Circle, 'twixt the blissful Soul
 And blest Redeemer ! What dark finite Mind
 Cloyster'd in Clay, can grasp the heav'nly Thought,
 Or Mortals sing, where brightest Seraphs bow.

THERE we shall see the num'rous shining Hosts
 Of loyal, spotless Spirits Elect, confirm'd
 By Christ and heav'nly Grace, God's eldest Sons
 The glorious Angels ! that did ne'er withdraw
 Their Love, their Duty, their Allegiance due
 To their divine Creator ; never swerv'd
 In their Obedience to his great Commands
 All just and good ; but keeping their first State
 And happy Habitation, always burn
 With winged Fervour and with heav'nly Zeal
 'T' attend the Pleasure and perform the Will

Of their immortal Sov'reign ever blest.
Millions of shining and Seraphic Fairs,
With whose celestial, radiant Forms compar'd
The most insulting Charms that bloom below
Die as the Stars do at the rising Sun,
Adorn the Palace of the King of Kings
And throng his Throne adoring! Clear unveil'd
Of their high Excellence, capacious Frames,
Beauty surpassing, all their Orders grand,
And awful Puissance vast, we then shall gain
Bright Information and with Wonder bow!
These wise, these fair, divine, angelick Spirits
Glowing in everlasting Flames of Love
To their ador'd Supream, and for his Sake
To all that bear his Image, share his Grace,
When first converting Love, our wandering Souls
From Sin and Death, to Christ and Life had won,
In joyful Songs they made the Heav'ns to ring
With Hallelujah! From that happy Hour
Though nobler born, with guardian Wing they tend
Their lov'd though loveless Charge; and in their Arms
Or on their heav'nly Plumes triumphant bear

Our

Our raptur'd Souls, from Sighs and Sin releas'd,
To *Paradise* ! With far superior Joy
They'll sing to see us in their blissful Realms,
Clasp us with Transport on the heav'nly Shores,
And shout us welcome to eternal Rest.
Thousand kind Offices of Angel-love
In sweet and gen'rous Condescension done
Invisible, by those fair shining Guards,
Knowing, we then shall gratefully resent ;
Now our Companions, Fellow-worshippers
And Fellow-heirs of 'Everlasting Life.

AGAIN we look, and lo ! a num'rous Train'
Of younger Sons, Heav'ns brightest Fav'rites blest,
Redeem'd immortal Souls ! endear'd, oblig'd,
By Ties of Love that never Angels knew,
With Crowns and Palms and heav'nly Vestures bright
Shining in Glory ! There we wondring see
Adam and all the happy chosen Race,
By sov'reign Goodness, everlasting Grace,
And dear Incarnate Love, reviv'd, restor'd
And re-advanc'd to happier *Paradise*

And

And more celestial Pleasures far, than would
In *Eden's* happy *Garden* ever grow,
By Sin, though never blasted ! fairer Fruits,
And richer Delicates, diviner much
Both Seat and Entertainment there they find.
Visions of Joy and Glory evermore !
Transporting Scenes that ne'er shall transient pass
To sad Reverse, through each exalted Pow'r
Transfusing perfect and eternal Bliss !
Without, within, and all around them, Joys
That never fade, which none by Force or Guile
Can ravish from them ; but e'er-circling flows,
Blooming with happy Immortality.

THERE, in those happy Realms, there we shall meet
Shall know and repossess our dearest Friends
That liv'd and dy'd in Christ, and re-embrace
In endless Rapture ! Our immortal Spirits
Tho' now confin'd, impossible t' attend
To various Objects, and at once drink in
Joys divers flowing, then exalted high,
Strengthen'd, enlarg'd, the Beatifick Sight

Supreme

Supreme admir'd shall love! while num'rous Joys
From *Heav'n's* bright Scenes that accessary spring,
This not the least, our Souls shall seize, shall taste,
The bounteous Hand that so imperial pour'd
Gladly adoring! Them we there shall know,
And with immortal Tendernefs embrace,
The Press, the Pulpit, or divine Converse
Useful and Dear have render'd, as we past
This howling Wildernefs: But Knowledge clear,
And Joy triumphant, cordial Peace and Love,
Reign mutual, universal all among
That vast and blest Society! All are known,
Admir'd, belov'd, and glad so happy seen
By every Saint, and each dear Saint by all.
Wrapt and entwin'd in one anothers Arms,
Their Joys, their Happinefs is all the same.
Charm'd with their heav'nly Father's Image bright
In each celestial Count'nance shining fair,
With purest Love they glow! Pleas'd most by far
To see *the Fountain of their glorious Hopes*
Supremely honour'd and supremely Blest!
Viewing with high Delight th' Atchievment vast

Of

Of all his mighty and divine Designs
 From everlasting ; and the great Result,
 With Pleasure infinite, pronouncing Good.
 They Hand in Hand with blessed Angels join
 T' encircle round their heav'nly Sov'reign's Throne,
 And in immortal Praises strive to sing
 His boundless Glory, and his endlets Love:

RAIS'D by his Pow'r, and by his Blood redeem'd
 Who in a Moment can the *World* subdue
 Change and transform, as to his Sov'reign Will
 Seems best and wisest ; these inferior Clods
 Infirm, inglorious, like himself shall shine
 Divinely Fair! His own most glorious self
 The bright, the heav'nly Pattern ! Wondrous
 Thought !

That ever Dust and Worms should rise to copy
 So exquisite Original ! Each Charm,
 And every lovely and endearing Grace
 That never shone in mortal Fair below,
 In beauteous never-fading Bloom shall rise,
 Deck and array our Bodies now become

Death:

Deathless, impassible, all o'er adorn'd
Inlaid, invested with celestial Glory !
Script of all mortal Imperfections weak
Unmeet, incapable of heav'nly Bliss:
With mighty Vigour from th' eternal Spirits
Plenteous inbode, agil and active made,
In noblest Service and aspiring Praise
A glorious Soul shall join ; prompt, happy Mate
In all the Work, and all the Joys of Heav'n.

No *Sin* shall stain, no darkness cloud the Soul :
No seeming Good her Heav'n-born Pow'rs seduce
To wander from her God : No Guilt within,
No tempting *Serpent* shall without annoy,
Perplex and grieve ; but Light and Love divine,
Consummate Joy and Purity shall reign
Through each immortal Faculty entire.
Claspt in the Bosom of the great Supreme ;
By everlasting Goodness smil'd upon ;
With open Face the first and fountain Truth
Ravish'd beheld ; and by immediate Views
A satisfying Likeness thence inferr'd ;

What

What Mind can stretch beyond this boundless Bliss
 To wish a Thought, or want to know, possess,
 Wrapt in th' eternal Joys that flow from God's Embrace!

N o w shall the Veils be drawn, and all the Stores -
 Of Heav'n's *Arcana* be unlock'd, and all
 Th' eternal Counsels and Decrees disclos'd
 By him that sits upon the Throne, *the Lamb*,
Ancient of Days! Now the dear Source we see,
 The everlasting Spring of all our Joys
Eternal sov'reign Love! That on us pitcht
 Ten thousand Ages e'er the Heav'ns were form'd
 Its kind Designs to make us ever blest
 With all those vast and unconceiv'd Delights,
 Eternal, boundless Glory! O the Grace!
 Super-angelick, unexampled Love!
 Worthy a God! Procedure all Divine!
 There we with ravishing Amaze shall see
 How from this pregnant, this productive Womb
 Sprang *Christ*, sprang *Heav'n*, and all the Means of
 Grace
 And Methods of Salvation, consider far

Than

Than rearing of Ten thousand Worlds ! shall see
The wise *Oeconomy* of Love divine,
Its everlasting Thoughts to render firm
And undefeated ; and to chuse the Means
That tend not to eclipse th' illustrious Rays
Of sov'reign Freeness, Faith, and so by Grace.
From hence we now shall ravish'd understand,
From hence th' Eternal Blessed Spirit came down,
And by Victorious Grace new form'd and chang'd
Our foul and laps'd Natures ; on us shone
With Light Divine, and efficacious did
The glorious Son of God with Pow'r reveal,
Convinc'd, perswaded, sweetly overcame
Our darkn'd Judgments and reluctant Wills,
And into Union with Redeemer dear
Caus'd us to pass ; from thence adopted Sons
Co-heirs with *Christ* of all the Joys of *Heav'n* !

N o w we shall see the Depths of *Providence*,
Its winding Circuits and its mazy Folds,
Beyond the reach of best and wisest Minds
Unveil'd, unfolded. Oh ! the Transports high

And Joy triumphant that will thence ensue,
To view the steady and unalter'd Love
That govern'd still, and of external Act
The secret Springs with glorious Wisdom touch'd
And Faithfulness divine ! What pleasing Charms,
What Beauty, Harmony, and Heav'nly Love,
Will then through all the wondrous Web appear
Of present Dispensation ! When the Sea
Of adverse Life below Tempestuous wrought
Enrag'd, enheightn'd by infernal Storms,
Wrapt in thick Clouds and Darkneſs all around ;
'Taught by ceſtial Rays we then ſhall know
The Winds blew hard to waſt us on to Port ;
The Floods aroſe from quick-devouring Sands
Kindly to drive us, where ten Thouſands rue :
And Storms of leſſer Ills were rais'd to drown
The Great and Everlaſting Evil, *Sin*.
That all the deep unfathomable Paths
Of Sov'reign Wiſdom, though ſo dark to Senſe,
Dropt Love, dropt Mercy, and were all to purge,
To burn our ſpiritual Droſs, to try, t' improve,
By hardieſt Exerciſe the Life Divine ;

To

To forward still the dear and vast Concerns
 Of our immortal State, and Jewels add,
 And Weight and Splendor to our heav'nly Crowns.
 Like as a curious Piece of Arras rich,
 Or stately Needle-work, in various Parts
 Wrought, when entire in close array conjoin'd,
 In all it's Lustre and Proportion shines.
 Ev'n so th' *Oeconomy*, and System deep
 Of *Providence* divine, a thousand Charms
 Lovely shall yeild, when all shall be expos'd
 By him that wash't us in his Blood, and holds
 The Reins of universal Government.

N A T U R E in all her Works, and wondrous Scenes,
 Which thick around this vast Creation shine,
 From loftiest Angel, and the wisest Men
 Just Admiration drawing, all unveil'd
 Then shall contemplate, and in Rapturevolv'd
 Adore our glorious Maker! Now we walk,
 We look, and round about us rise to view
 Thousand fair Objects that themselves confess,
 By shining Marks and Characters divine,

Of Wisdom infinite and Pow'r immense,
The beauteous Offspring of a Deity,
His glorious Praise reflecting! Yet within
The feeble Grasp, the mean, contemptuous Reach
Of human Knowledge, which the bravest Wits
And learned'st Minds of Mortals vain can boast
With the vast Stores of Wisdom deep compar'd,
Which through the Universe entreasur'd lie,
A Spire of Grass, a Fly, or vilest Worm,
Much more the Wonders of the heav'nly Spheres
Dazle their Understandings, and reproach
The proudest Soar of vain *Philosophy*.

But from the Prime and universal Cause,
Eternal Source of Being, we now shall learn,
How first this beauteous Frame of Nature vast,
With all her num'rous, rich, appending Charms,
Rose out of *Chaos*, from dark Nothing sprang
In answer to her mighty Sov'reign's Call.
In all its radiant Loveliness then shone
Bright and untarnish'd, as it Native came
New burnisht from it's glorious Founder's Hands,
E're *Sin* had all the glitt'ring Hangings marr'd,

And

And with thick Cloud, Terrestrial Glory veil'd;
 (Again perhaps to wear her pristine Form)
 We then shall view *Creation*! And the Skill,
 Th' Architect great, and Architecture sing
 For ever! Deep abstrusest Myst'ries solve
 With Pleasure, while all dubious Mists shall flee
 Before that glorious *Sun*! And all that's fair,
 All that's attractive, wondrous, great and good,
 Through all created Ranks and Forms that glows,
 Summ'd up and centr'd in the blest Supreme,
 With infinite Advance, shall there for ever shine.

W I T H Beatifick Vision ravi'h'd thus,
 And Emanations pure of Love Divine
 From that eternal Fountain ever-flowing,
 The utmost Point of intellectual Bliss!
 With Sight of *Jesus* glorified, and all
 Th' endearing Mysteries of redeeming Grace
 Highly transported! In each other's Arms,
 As Objects of the same divine Regard
 And everlasting Favour, rapt'rous clasp't
 With undissembling Love! And entertain'd

With Scenes of Mercy ! Miracles of Pow'r
And all the Wonders of Creating Skill,
Delug'd with Joy ! dissolv'd in Extasy,
And perfect endless Bliss ! our happy Souls
Triumphant Songs of Praise shall warble forth
Through the vast Ages of Eternity.
O State delightful ! ravishing Employ !
When Tears and Griefs and Sighs for ever fled,
And cloudy Brow, and faded Visage wan
Darkning no more ; but each sweet heav'nly Face
With Smiles of Joy and Glory lightning fair,
Victorious Carols and celestial Hymns
Shall sound eternal Jubilee ! and all
'The heav'nly Regions with seraphick Praise,
And sweet immortal Melody resound.
Pleasures unutter'd by an Angel's Tongue
'Ore all our Pow'rs in rapt'rous torrent rowl
To hear the blisful Harmony, and drink
Th' immortal Notes, and Touches exquisite
Of Harp and Tongues celestial, breathing Sounds
Divinely ravi'ing, that never grac'd,
'That ne'er inspir'd the noblest Strains below.

Each

Each heav'nly Voice, with soft melodious Tone
And tuneful Accent more than mortal sweet
Harmonious charms ! What rich transporting Airs,
What Raptures then from many Myriads flow
In Chorus full, and heav'nly Consort join'd !
In Songs that none but Happy They can learn,
And Rhapsodies Divine that none can rise
To imitate or bear, they sing, they shout,
In Triumphs tell and warble out their Joys,
Spreading immortal Gladness all around.
Delicious Entertainment ! rapt'rous Bliss!
To snatch the Eccho of those heav'nly Songs
The dear Remains of such rich Melody
Though faint resounding ! O transporting then !
To bear a Part, to join Celestial Quire !
To share the Triumphs of the Jubilee !
With equal Rapture and with equal Strains
To swell the everlasting Harmony.

I N all the Musick of their Songs they aim
To sound the Praises of th' eternal King,
And wide his Glory blazon, whom they love

In fervid Extasy, and deep adore
With blended Rapture, Rev'rence and Delight.
That the great Object of Supreme Regard
And universal Adoration dear,
The Sum, the Center and eternal Spring
Of all Perfection, all Beatitude,
Is infinitely *Holy, Just and True,*
All-wise, All-mighty, and Immutable,
In all the Goodness, all the Glory bright
Of his essential Attributes, creates
Pleasures supreme, and makes all Heav'n exult
In loudest Hallelujahs! Hence the Shout
Of thousand Angels, thousand thousand Saints,
As sound of many Waters, and the Harps,
The golden Harps of all those Myriads blest
Symphonious breath the loftiest Strains of Praise.
With Raptures high, and Joy ineffable!
In tuneful Anthems then they ever chaunt,
And tell his great and everlasting Love!
Adore th' immense and overflowing Grace,
Transcendent Kindness, Bounty infinite,

Of their immortal Benefactor, who
Sov'reign has crown'd them with such endless Glory.

REPLETE with perfect and celestial Bliss,
In happy Hallelujahs thus they spend
The wasteless Ages of eternal Life,
Fearless of Change ! Large as their Wishes vast,
And lasting as their own immortal Frames,
Their glorious Happiness entire remains,
New and unfaded, indeficient, firm,
For ever ! This their Crowns of Glory crowns !
That noble Creature, Prince of Light, the *Sun*,
That with it's glist'ring Beams Creation gilds,
Sudden shall shine its last and back retreat
To everlasting Darknefs ! *Moon* and *Stars*
With awful charming Glory spangling so,
Shall fade, shall drop, and hide their golden Heads
In the dark Bosom of eternal Night.
Like as a Vesture shall the *Heav'ns* be chang'd.
And folded up, and as a Garment old,
The *Earth* shall wax, and all the Works therein
Vanish in Flames ! The *Mountains* shall depart,

The

The *Seas* be dry'd, and all th'enchanting Scenes
 And flatt'ring Joys of sense for ever Wing!
 Ev'n universal *Natures* self shall dye,
 And *Time* shall launch into *Eternity*.

B U T holy Souls and happy Spirits above
 Encirt'd in the sweet, immortal Arms
 Of everlasting Love, outshine the Sun,
 Outlive the Ruins of the Universe:
 Ever their *Jesus* and their God enjoy,
 Surrounded with a bright, a blest Eternity!

THE END.



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